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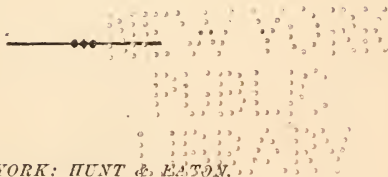
ON A CANDLESTICK.

BY FRANCES LEE.

"Ye are the light of the world."

"Even a child is known by his doings."

TWO ILLUSTRATIONS.



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ON A CANDLESTICK.



CHAPTER I.

“SERVING THE LORD.”

CLING ! clang ! cling ! clang ! chimed the great bell high up in the old stone tower among the ivy. The brown and white doves flew up and down along the dusty street, the green leaves stirred softly in the summer air, the yellow heads of the dandelions thrust their bright faces out between the flagging, and from each way along the city street came troops of happy children.

But among them all, in the whole wide city, there was not one face Miss Beryl had ever seen before. Not one, as she came slowly along the sidewalk under the

lindens, down the stone steps and through the open door to the light large vestry. Yet she loved the Lord Jesus, and so she felt that the people who loved him, and were coming together to talk about him, were her friends. She had told the Lord long before that she was ready to do his work; and when we tell our Lord this, and really mean it, he will always show us what he would have us do if we are looking for it.

So Miss Beryl had come from her quiet room away up in a great brick hotel down to the avenue, here among the friends of Jesus, to see if he had any thing for her to do. She went in and sat quietly upon a bench by the door during the opening of the school.

First they sang a hymn. Then they recited together the Twenty-third Psalm.

"The Lord is my Shepherd," said the superintendent.

"I shall not want," replied the children.

"He leadeth me in green pastures," said the superintendent.

"And beside the still waters," answered the children.

When they had gone through the psalm in this way somebody prayed, and then the school repeated together the Lord's Prayer, and after that a little bell rang, and the infant class went to their room, while the older classes turned over their seats and began their lessons.

Pretty soon the superintendent came to the seat where Miss Beryl sat, and, introducing himself by the name of Ashland, asked if she would come and teach a class of little girls whose teacher was away.

Mr. Ashland was a man who made one think at once of the loving-hearted disciple John. He seemed to see in every friend of Jesus the look of a sister or a brother, and spoke to the stranger with such kindly Christian grace that she almost believed she was at home.

Miss Beryl was quite ready to go to the class, which had six little girls in it.

“Our teacher is *never* here, and we have to take any body we can get. Sometimes Mr. Ashland can hardly find a teacher for us, and we don’t like it. I wish you would be our teacher, and so do we all. Will you?” said Katy Lancaster at the end of the lesson.

“Where is your teacher?” asked Miss Beryl in reply.

“I don’t know. Over to Bedford, I suppose. That is her home, but sometimes she is here. Please, may I go and speak to Mr. Ashland?” continued Katy.

Directly she came back and Mr. Ashland with her.

“Will you take this class next Sunday, Miss Beryl?” he asked. “Miss Lindsay, their teacher, will not be here.”

So Miss Beryl came on the next Sabbath, and that was the way it begun. Miss Lindsay never came back. Instead of that she was married and went up the

lakes, and Miss Beryl kept her class as long as she stayed in the city.

One Sabbath, after she had learned to know and love these little girls very much, the lesson for the day was the words of our Lord :

“ Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick ; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.”

“ What do you think that means ? ” asked Miss Beryl.

“ I know ! ” replied Katy Lancaster. “ Our minister talked it last Sunday. He said it was a *mean, stingy* lie, when God is helping us to be good, to make as though we are doing it all our own selves.”

“ I heard him say that,” added Clara Birdsall, “ and he said another thing too.

some like that and some not like it. He said when you was good down inside of the heart of you, *that* was the light under a bushel; and when you are kind to somebody, and do right things, *that* is the light on a candlestick."

"But I know a poor woman who is ill in bed," said Miss Beryl, "she can never do any thing for any body. She can't do any thing for herself. She just has to lie and suffer pain. How can she let her light shine?"

"By letting no fussing come out of her," answered Bertha Pinkerton, the youngest child in the class.

"Yes, indeed! And that is about the hardest of any way. Now," said Miss Beryl, "I want you should close your eyes for a moment, and tell Jesus from your very hearts that you will try to do just as he would like you to do all the time, remembering he loves you."

The children covered their eyes with their hands and bowed their heads de-

voutly, sitting so until the bell rung for the closing exercises. And then Miss Beryl gave each a card to carry home, with these verses upon it :

“Jesus bids us shine, with a clear, pure light,
Like a little candle burning in the night;
In this world is darkness, so we must shine,
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

“Jesus bids us shine, first of all, for him;
Well he sees and knows it if one light is dim;
He looks down from heaven to see us shine,
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

“Jesus bids us shine then for all around,
For many kinds of darkness in this world are found;
There's sin, there's care and sorrow, so we must shine,
You in your small corner, and I in mine.”

CHAPTER II.

KATY LANCASTER'S CANDLESTICK.

KATY LANCASTER lived only a few doors from the church with her father and mother, her brother Guy and her sister Lucy. She was a dear little girl, with fat cheeks and blue eyes, but she had, O, no end of story books and playthings! Of course it was no trouble for her to be good, when every body loved her so dearly, and tried all the time to make her happy.

Ah, my darlings! here was just the danger. Katy never thought of any thing only what would please herself best; and because she was so loving and sweet-tempered, nobody else had thought she was growing up selfish and useless.

But while her eyes were shut in the silent prayer, Jesus, whom she could not

see, stood by her, and, laying his hand upon her head, spoke to her heart by the Holy Spirit, saying to her, "I love you; and I will put my arms around you, and always tell you what to do if you will only ask me."

Then little Katy went home with her thoughts, singing all the way, and it seemed to her each green leaf and dusty blade of grass sung with her.

"Jesus loves me, Rosy, did you know it?" she said, when she went in the kitchen for a drink of water not long after.

"Sure, Miss Katy, and it's the same with us all; blessings on your smiling face," replied Rosy.

"Yes, Rosy, I know it," returned Katy, "and I have loved you all back again; but I never cared a thing about Jesus, nor thought whether he liked what I was doing or not. That was meaner than I treated any body, even Patsey."

Patsey was the blue-eyed kitten that purred itself to sleep every night on the foot of Katy's bed.

"But I am not going to do so any more," continued the child, solemnly, "for I have told Jesus I'll try to please him first of every body; and he harked down from heaven, and said right in the ears of my heart how he loved me. It makes you happy, Rosy, to know Jesus loves you, don't it?"

"The little lamb!" cried Rosy, throwing her apron over her head, "Jesus loves me and I had clean forgotten it. I was considering to myself how that my mother is dead, and how that the sea is betwixt me and every body who is any thing to me; and if I were to sicken there is not one of my kin who could come to me. So I turned it in my mind till I was *that blue* I was fit to kill myself with fretting. *Mean*, did you say! It is Rosy Folan that is mean, to be forgetting the good Lord who is never across the sea from us,

and who will never forsake the poorest body who takes him at his word."

Thus Katy had already lighted another candle by her shining. But she did not know it, and she went up stairs, wondering what a little girl like her could do to show she loved Jesus.

Don't trouble yourself about that, little Katy. If Jesus is in your heart, you cannot shut him up there any more than a rose can shut in its fragrance.

That very night the clock struck eight just as Katy had read to the last chapter in her Sabbath-school book.

"Katy," said her mamma, "do you hear what the clock says?"

Katy had heard very well, much better than she wished, for eight o'clock was her bedtime; and if there was one thing she hated above another, it was going to bed. No matter what she was doing, or who was there; eight o'clock came hurrying along just at the very worst time. Now to-night, when she was so nearly through

her book, it was provoking as it could be. In the morning she would not have a moment before school-time.

“O mother! just a little longer this once!” she cried. “I can’t wait to know who did break the pink hyacinth. Fifteen minutes, or *ten*, mother! Perhaps I can get through in ten.”

Katy did not look up from her book, so she did not see the troubled look on her mother’s face. Mrs. Lancaster didn’t want to make Katy unhappy, yet she knew it was time she was going to sleep, and she knew one ten minutes would only make the way for another ten. But, to her relief, Katy shut the book suddenly and jumped up. Not with a frown either, but with a smile. “For Jesus’ sake,” she was saying to herself.

It was a very little thing to do for the great Lord of all the earth, was it not? But the Lord God is so great he can see little things as well as large ones, and it is the kind of action, and not the size

of it, what he looks at. He knew a cheerful good-night was a great gift from little Katy just then, and he put a happy peace in her heart that was better than a hundred story-books and an acre of hyacinths.

Eight o'clock had come none too soon after all, for Katy was asleep before Rosy came in to turn down the gas; and then the next thing the rising bell rang.

Now getting up when one is asleep is almost as bad as going to bed when one is not.

"O dear!" sighed Katy, rubbing her eyes and not yet half awake; "I wish the getting-up was not necessary! I was just dreaming the beautifullest dream. Papa brought me home a package of something tied up with lovely pink cord, and I was just untying it when that old bell rung. Now I'll never know what it was! When I am up and want to stay up, they make me go to bed; and when I am abed and asleep, they make me get up. I wish they'd let me alone."

Just then something whispered to Katy,
“For Jesus’ sake.”

“It is too hard. I can’t be pleasant all in a minute; no one could,” said she.

“For Jesus’ sake,” said the little voice again. “Jesus loves you.”

And when Katy had really opened her heart to let that thought in, behold directly the fretful spirit was gone; for nothing unlovely can stay where he is, and she went down stairs with a face as sweet as the morning, so that every body was happier who looked at her.

When Katy came home from school that day she saw an open phaeton before the door with two shining horses, one as white as milk and the other as black as ink.

“Hurry! hurry!” called Lucy from the top step of the piazza. “We are going to ride, and you can go too. We’ll wait for you, if you’ll hurry like every thing. Going to Canada!”

Katy screamed with joy. Her papa

did not own a horse, and she did not ride every day nor every week. She quite flew up the stairs and flew out of her school-dress.

“Lucy!” she shouted, “I’ve got four white dresses here. Which would you wear?”

“Can you have your pick?” called back Lucy.

“I don’t know. Mamma hasn’t told me yet.”

“Ask her,” suggested Lucy.

This proved a wise suggestion, for it seemed mamma thought a blue merino more suitable than either.

CHAPTER III.

BE YE KIND ONE TO ANOTHER.

IN a few moments they were all ready. Mrs. Lancaster and Aunt Edith sat on the back seat with Katy between them, and Mr. Lancaster, Guy, and Lucy on the front seat.* The white clouds floated over the blue sky, and the white sails floated over the blue river; the sun shone, and the leaves on the tree tops seemed dancing for joy that they were made.

O what a nice day! And how nice, as Guy said, "to be kiting along after a pair of horses!" For awhile Katy thought she was perfectly happy. But after awhile she found she was not. There was mamma on one side and Mrs. Westcott on the other, talking together so eagerly that sometimes Katy felt as though she was

* See Frontispiece.

shut up in a snuff-box. Then there were all the people on the front seat hiding every thing that way, and calling out all the time about wonderful things and beautiful things that she could catch hardly a glimpse of. Besides she couldn't see the horses at all, and Katy loved horses almost as well as she did Patsey. But she sat quiet and patient until they had crossed the ferry and gone through the little town on the other side.

"May I sit in front now, Lucy?" asked Katy at last.

Lucy looked around smiling and satisfied. "If Guy will sit back there you may," said she.

"O, Guy wont. He can't. But I want to sit there. You have had the seat a great while."

Lucy drew her little body up close to her father, and then, marking off a narrow place with her fat fingers, she said, "If Guy will sit in *so* much room you can sit over here."

But that was not possible, and as Lucy seemed willing to think of no other way, as soon as Guy got in his place again after opening the gate into the field beyond the railroad track the carriage went on with Katy still in her old place on the back seat.

Through the pleasant woodland, across the meadow, over the heavy rough roads and out upon the graveled highway; past the fat, good-natured farmers, the groups of little French children going home from school with their catechisms, their writing-books, and knitting-work in their baskets; past the herds of spotted pigs and long flocks of geese walking one after another in solemn procession—Lucy said like people going to a funeral dressed in *white*—and under the swarming myriads of crows that beat time with their waving wings as they flew through the soft hazy air; and then, after a great while, Katy spoke again:

“*Now* will you change seats with me

Lucy? You have rode over in front all the way."

"Yes, little Lucy," papa said, "you know I told you you were to ride here a part of the time, and Katy a part of the time."

So over came Lucy on the back seat like a fairy doll with wings; but there was a little pout on her lips that wasn't a bit of a kissing pout.

"Kitty *teases!*" said she.

"I think she would never have had the seat if she hadn't teased," said Aunt Edith.

Lucy did not think that remark worth noticing, and the carriage went on and on till it came to the turnpike by the river.

Then she said, "Now, Katy, will you change back again? I can't see the horses, and I can't see any thing. Will you change with me? *You* have rode on the front seat: now will you let me ride there?"

"Why, Lucy, you rode here *all* the

way going, and I ought to coming back,” replied Katy, turning her face eagerly one way and the other to take in every bit of the lovely earth and sky and water.

But Lucy was not satisfied with having half, and she began to make a little whimpering cry; and when her mamma tried to show her something pretty by the way she would not look, but said, “There is no use for me to try, I can’t see any thing here; I want to sit in front.” And then she kept on with the unhappy little noise.

“Why, yes!” said mamma, brightly. “You can see these things at the side just as well. Only look! There is where the Catholic people are buried, around that high cross. And this is the priest’s house. See those queer round windows, and the ornamental gate. I suspect that is like English houses.”

Lucy turned her little head before she thought, and gave one quick look out. Then she said, “I can’t see it; I can’t

see any thing here. Will you change with me, Katy ? ”

“ I don’t want to, Lucy. I haven’t rode here but a little bit of a while,” answered Katy.

“ Aren’t you willing to change to please Lucy ? ” asked mamma at last, who could not half enjoy the ride in the sweet Indian summer weather, with such an unhappy face and voice beside her.

“ *Will* you change ? Will you let me sit over there ? ” added Lucy, eagerly.

“ Well, pretty soon,” replied Katy.

“ You had better change now, my daughter, while the horses are stopping to drink,” said Mr. Lancaster.

And then Aunt Edith saw something more beautiful than the red sun throwing up long lines of light like a halo above it ; more beautiful than Mrs. Lancaster’s basket of mosses and lichens she had been gathering in the Canada woods ; more beautiful than the purple river with its white boats steaming up and down, and

the one crimson stain which the red sun made in looking at itself.

For when Mr. Lancaster said this, without a word of complaining, or even a discontented face, little Katy's blue figure slipped over on the back seat, and there she sat the rest of the way home, quietly looking at the things she could see, and saying nothing about those she could not see.

Katy was not only self-denying and generous to her little sister, but she was *pleasant* about it; and this it was that made her sweet face the most beautiful sight under the bending October sky or in all the fair Canadian forest.

CHAPTER IV.

“WE LOVE HIM BECAUSE HE FIRST
LOVED US.”

KATY'S brother Guy was a tall boy, in his last year at High School, and expecting to enter college next summer. Guy could do almost every thing. He made a beautiful fernery for his mother's last birthday. It was as high as Lucy's head, with a sloping glass roof and four glass sides. In it grew mosses and ferns and wood anemones and blue violets. There was a grotto at one end made of spar and agate, and overrun with wild myrtle. At the other end was a glass water-tank, and a door by it, through which he could fill the tank. Then there was a little faucet to turn from the outside after the door was shut, that sent the water through tiny pipes laid under the

moss, and then sent it out to fall in a dashing fountain in the center of the fernery. Guy had brought some lovely cup-moss and a wee rose-bush from the Canada woods, and he was making a place for them with a trowel no larger than a slate pencil, when Katy came singing into the room, with Patsey in her arms. "Kiss me, Guy," said she, "I think you are the best brother in the whole world, and Lucy thinks so to, I *guess*."

Guy bent down his tall head to kiss her. "I ought to be when I have such a dear little sister," said he. "And, do you know? I thought the nicest part of the ride was seeing her give up the front seat so good naturedly when really she had the best right to it."

Katy's face flushed with pleasure, and then she said, penitently "It wasn't me at all, Guy. I just hated to go back like every thing, but then my verse, you know: 'Well, He sees and knows it if one light is dim,' and that made me willing, and then

I felt pleasant. When you are thinking that Jesus loves you you don't care so much for other things; you forget them, and feel good without trying."

The slender roots of the little rose seemed to give Guy a good deal of trouble, for he worked with his trowel and fingers for a long time. Then he said softly, without looking up, "Do you know, Katy, what people mean when they say you must *believe* in Christ."

"My teacher says you must believe in him just as you do in a bridge when you go over it," answered Katy. "That is all we have to do, and Jesus does the rest. It is so much easier to have somebody reaching out his hand from the other side to help us, than if we had got to do it all our own selves, isn't it?"

"Katy! Katy!" called Lucy from the stair-way. "Come up here. I've got something for you!"

"What is it? Good to eat?" called back Katy, running eagerly away, leaving

Guy alone with his work and his busy thoughts.

“Trust Christ as you would trust yourself to a bridge,” said he to himself. “I understood that; and this must be what they mean when they say *Only believe!* It always seemed as impossible to make myself *believe* just by saying so as to turn my hair black by saying I would. But I can act just as though I thought He meant it when Jesus says he will not cast out any who come to him. I can surely consent to put myself in the way of knowing God’s will, and then promise to do it as fast as I see it.”

Katy’s little candle had lighted the way for her brother’s feet, and from that hour he began to know and love the Lord.

CHAPTER V.

“HE CARETH FOR YOU.”

THERE was a doll in it “dressed in a green gauze dress and a bright brass breast pin.” There was a doll’s red-riding-hood hanging from the rafters of the house, and a round looking-glass in a yellow sugar frame. And there was a china dog, and a bead rocking-chair made by a blind woman who had her eyes pecked out by a rooster when she was a little girl. Besides, there was a tin table with three peppermints and six crumbs of cracker, and, last of all, there was Lucy sitting on the carpet under the umbrella. But still she was not happy.

“I fixted the umbrella play-house all m’own self, and now I don’t like it,” said she mournfully. “I wish Katy could play with me.”

That was the whole of it—top, bottom, and sides. Lucy always felt like a pair of spectacles without any nose when Katy was gone.

Katy was not gone now, though. She was right in the room, lying under the white counterpane on the bed, with her face as red as a Michigan rose and her lips and hands burning hot. She had the measles, but nobody knew it.

“O dear!” she sighed, “my head aches, and I am so tired of staying in this room. I wish I could lie on mamma’s bed.”

“I think you had better not be moved, little daughter,” said Mr. Lancaster; “I am afraid you might take cold, and noises would disturb you more in mamma’s room.”

“There is noise enough here,” she moaned. “Lucy don’t keep still a bit, and my head aches so! When will mamma come?”

“The train will be due in just fifteen minutes,” replied Mr. Lancaster, taking

out his watch, "and I think she will be here in fifteen minutes more. Half an hour: can't you be patient and wait half an hour longer, little Katy?"

"Don't seem as though I could, but I'll try," said little Katy, sighing, and coughing, and longing all over for the sight of her mother's face and the touch of her mother's hand.

"It don't seem so I could wait, too," echoed Lucy, crawling out from under the umbrella play-house.

And neither did it seem to Mr. Lancaster as though he could wait, while he bathed Katy's head, wondering whether he ought to use cold or warm water, and whether it would hurt the child to drink all she wanted to, and if a dose of winter-green, the only medicine he knew any thing about, would be the right thing.

But thirty slow minutes ticked themselves away at last; the street car stopped, the door-bell rang, an eager step came up the stair, and there stood mamma, with her

hands full of packages, and a loving smile, making her face look like an angel.

"I am glad you have come, dear," said Mr. Lancaster, with a sigh of relief.

"So am I," said Katy, putting up her hot lips for a kiss. "I could not be patient any longer."

But little Lucy, who had been neither sick nor anxious, only lonesome, jumped and shouted, "I got an umbrella play-house! an umbrella play-house, mamma! Only see! I fixed it all m'own self, and Katy let me take her Boston doll to put in it."

"That is beautiful," said mamma, kissing the glowing face again and again. "You mustn't be so noisy, though, dear; you will hurt poor sister Katy's head."

But Lucy's feelings had sprung up like a cork out of a beer bottle, and little bubbles of laughter gurgled from her heart. The house had been so empty and now it was so full.

"Will you please to come and sit in my

umbrella play-house, mamma?" said she;
"just a minute!"

"Pretty soon, dear," replied mamma, who could not be sorry to see her gladness. "You want to see what I have got for you first, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am, I do!" cried Lucy, dancing upon tiptoe.

Katy opened her eyes with some interest.

"Hurry, ma, I can't wait," said she. "Is it gaiters? Break the string, can't you?"

Yes, it was gaiters—yellow gaiters. A wee pair for Katy, and a wee, wee pair for Lucy.

Lucy began to jump and sing, but Katy turned away her head and sighed.

"I suppose you know, ma, yellow gaiters have *gone out*," said Lucy.

"Have they? I guess they will *do*, wont they?" asked mamma.

"Yes ma'am, they will do," replied Katy, who had not yet found out

that gaiters are for any thing but covering the feet.

“*Now* will you come and see my umbrella play-house? Make you was the doctor and make my doll was sick. Will you?”

“Lucy,” said Katy feebly, “I wish you would go out of this room. You make my head ache dreadfully, you scream and jump so.”

Lucy put her face down in her mother’s lap and began to cry.

“All day I’ve wanted to show mamma my umbrella play-house, and now ma has just come and I want to have her see it,” she sobbed.

“Don’t cry, sweet,” said mamma, stroking Lucy’s head with her loving hand.

“You *shall* show it to me, and then we will carry it to my room, and play you moved to another street.”

The little wet face brightened. Mamma did have such a way of taking the thorns off the roses.

“And, Katy, let me see; do you think you would like a peach?” continued mamma.

“I’d like to hold it ’tany rate,” replied Katy, reaching out her hand.

It was a beautiful, pink-cheeked peach, and Katy looked at it with a faint sort of pleasure for a moment, then she put it down.

“Ma,” she called, “I want a drink of water, or something. I want you.”

“Yes, darling,” replied mamma, “I’ve made Lucy a nice visit, and now I’ll make you one.”

But Lucy was no more ready to be left to herself than before.

“I hate to be left alone like *pawson*,” said she, following close after.

“I will read to you. Will that do? To you and Daisy,” replied mamma, taking the little Bible from its place on the hanging shelves among the children’s books. “Let me see! I will read about the beautiful home we are going to live

in after we are through living in our bodies.”

So she turned to the book of Revelation and began :

“And the twelve gates were twelve pearls ; every several gate was of one pearl : and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass. And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.”

“Stop, ma, hark to me ! Is that where the rain comes from ? From that river ?” interrupted Lucy.

Before Mrs. Lancaster could answer, there was a voice and steps in the outer room—Guy’s voice and step.

“There is a rainbow, mother ; come into the guest chamber, quick ! and you can see it.”

Mrs. Lancaster held up her hand to hush him, pointing to Katy, who had fallen asleep, and then she went out softly with Lucy.

"You must hurry, or it will be gone," said Guy, running on before.

"*Aint I hurryin'?*" returned Lucy, running after.

But once in the guest-chamber, she had eyes and voice for nothing but the seven-hued glory that stretched across the bit of eastern sky she could see from the window.

"How came it there?" she asked, awe-stricken.

"You know about the flood of water, when everybody was drowned only Noah and those who were with him in the ark?" said Mrs. Lancaster; "I read to you about that not long ago."

"Yes, ma'am, I knew that always," replied Lucy, her round eyes shining.

"Well, after the rain was over God promised Noah there should never be another flood to destroy the earth, but every time we see a rainbow we are to remember the promise."

"Does God take it in and keep it put

away till next time?" asked Lucy, as the colors began to fade.

"No, he makes a new one every time," answered Mrs. Lancaster. And then she went back to Katy.

"Ma," called Lucy, pretty soon, "who made God?"

"Why, my child, who do you think made him?" asked mamma in reply.

Lucy sat up straight and still in her umbrella play-house a minute and thought.

"I suppose his hand was made first, and he made the rest of himself with that," said she solemnly.

Then she sat still for a long time, and when Mrs. Lancaster looked up Lucy was fast asleep, with her head in the Boston doll's lap.

For two or three days after this Katy sickened more and more.

"A very bad type of measles," said the doctor, looking through his gold-bowed spectacles, and looking wise enough to

take a lock of hair and a bone and make a little girl, if he had a mind to.

“Do you suppose I shall have *the type* too, mamma, me and Guy?” asked Lucy, who didn’t like to be left out of any thing Katy had or did.

One night, when the disease was at its height, Katy was alone with her mother in her mother’s bed. Every body in the house was asleep, and the lamp burned low. The night was close, and Katy’s blood was full of fever. Her head ached fearfully. Her throat was dry and burning, but so swollen she could not swallow even a drop of water.

“O mother, mother!” she moaned, “you must *do* something for me. I can’t possibly bear it. I am worse and worse, and I shall die if you don’t help me.”

“Dear little lamb!” said the mother, who suffered the fever and the pain more than the child herself did, “perhaps a bit of ice in your mouth might relieve you. We will try it.”

So, slipping on her shoes, she went to the refrigerator, away down in the lower basement.

“O mother!” cried Katy, when she came back. “You oughtn’t to leave me. It was cruel! Dreadful things came and made eyes at me—sore eyes and red eyes. I can’t *have* you go away again.”

“No, dear, I wont,” said the patient mother, tenderly, “and here is the ice. You may try a bit; perhaps it will make you feel better.”

Instead of that it almost strangled the suffering child. She choked and screamed, and for an instant seemed almost dying. When she caught her breath and could speak it was not Katy who spoke, but the disease.

“It was you did that,” said the measles. “You made me a great deal worse, and it was all your fault.”

Then Katy began to cry.

Mrs. Lancaster knew that in that half delirious state the child could not be

pleased or soothed by any thing she could say. So she said nothing, but closed her eyes for a moment, and asked the Lord Jesus to help them. When she opened her eyes again Katy was asleep, and she slept till morning. When morning came she was a great deal better.

"The disease has turned. She is all right now," said the doctor when he came; "I see she had good care through the night."

"She had the care of her best Friend," thought the mother with thankful tears.

Several days after, when Katy was almost well, she said one day, "Do you remember, mamma, that night when I was the sickest and the ice choked me?"

Mamma remembered very well indeed.

"Well, just then I shut my eyes and told Jesus, and as soon as I did that the dreadful feeling went away, and I went to sleep."

So the mother, with a glad heart and fresh faith, knew that the prayer of her child went up with hers into the ear of God, who is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.



CHAPTER VI.

TWO CHRISTMAS PARTIES.

"Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive."

JUST behind Mr. Lancaster's little spot of garden stood an old house, painted yellow. Once there had been a yard before it, coming out to the street, covered with grass, filled with lilac and rose bushes, and shaded by some great apple-trees. But now the trees and flowers and grass were all gone, and where they had been was now a block of high brick houses, with *swelled* fronts and balconies and back piazzas. So there was no way now of getting to the old yellow house, which had once held up its head with the best of them, but through an archway which was shut from the street by an iron gate. And this row of handsome mansions, turning

their backs so proudly upon the tenant house, that had been an old, old wellingd long before they were built or thought of, in spite of themselves did some good after all, for they kept out the dust and deadened the endless roar of the cars and omnibuses, the coaches and drays and carriages, that continually whirled and rattled along the busy street.

One evening, weeks after Katy was quite well again, she ran up stairs just at twilight, to lay away her hat and fur cape by the light which streamed up from the hall below, and, stopping as she passed her window, she looked over to the yellow house. High up in the attic, with only one dormer window, lived a lame cobbler, with his wife and little boy. The cobbler's wife had just lighted the lamp, but she had not put down the curtain, and Katy could see the cobbler's boy, with eyes the color of wild grapes and hair like thistle-down, looking from his window. There was not light enough in her room for him to see her,

but she could see every thing in the attic plainly, standing “so near and yet so far.”

The floor was bare, but a little clock stood upon the mantle, and some pictures in wood frames hung about on the walls, so the people could not be very poor, she thought. The cobbler worked at his bench in the corner—she could see him drawing out his arms, and she knew he was sewing shoes—and the cobbler’s wife was getting supper. Only a corner of the table-cloth was in sight, but she could see the brown earthen tea-pot on the stove, and the cobbler’s wife, as she took the biscuits from the oven. Then the boy went away from the window and the cobbler from his corner, and she could only see on the wall the funny shadows they made in eating and drinking.

“Katy, where are you? Come, supper is ready,” called her mother, from below.

“I have been watching the *niciest* peo-

ple: the man makes shoes, and there is a boy just as big as I. O, mother, mayn't I take him my boots to be mended to-morrow? they are ripped awfully!" she exclaimed as she rushed into the dining room, as excited as though she had at least a new tea-set for her baby-house.

"What is it, dear? Don't talk so fast," replied her mother.

Katy tried to explain, but by that time her mouth was full of toast, and she was harder to understand than before.

"A man who mends shoes, mother, and he lives in the wooden house down the archway, and can he mend my shoes to-morrow?" said she more plainly at last. "Do please say 'I'll see;' don't say 'Doubtful.'"

Her mother smiled and said she would see, and Katy made up stories to Lucy and Patsey, and talked about the cobbler all the evening, then went to bed and dreamed about the attic and the people who lived in it.

In the morning she was awakened by the sound of hail rattling against the windows, and the wind howling and shrieking around the corner like a mad wolf.

“O dear me!” said she, “now I can’t go and see my cobbler. I ’most know my mother wouldn’t let me, though it is only such a little bit of a way. No use to ask her.”

So she contented herself with pulling away the window curtain, and peeping across; but now, when there was no lamp in the attic room and no window on the other side, she could not see much but the bird-cage and the little boy, who came once and looked out at the window.

Then she nodded a good morning to him and ran away, and before night she had quite forgotten all about the cobbler’s attic. Even when the storm, which lasted only a few hours, was over, she did not remember to ask again about her shoes, for something very delightful was going to happen—going to happen, too, that very

evening, and not away off at Gertrude's house either, but right there. For you must know this was the very day before Christmas, and it is not likely Santa Claus would forget the stately brick block, whatever he might do about the old tenement house down the court. So there was a beautiful Christmas tree in Mr. Lancaster's parlor, and all Katy's cousins were coming to see it, and you can judge whether Katy had time to think of any thing else. Indeed, there was not half time enough for what she had to do; because it would not do, for one thing, to have the "Boston doll" and all the other dolls dressed in their every day suits, and there were the dolls' stockings to hang up and fill, and the dolls' house to be trimmed with evergreens and bittersweet berries that came in a great box from grandpa's in the country only the day before.

Then there was Rosy to watch, as she iced raisins, peeled oranges, made cocoa-nut cakes and maccaroni, and gelatine. Any

body wouldn't need any better fun than to watch that sort of work all day long. But there was a great deal also to do. There was the door-bell ringing every five minutes or so, and great square packages and great round packages coming in and coming in. You couldn't tell at all by the looks what might be inside ; but once Lucy was sure she heard a noise like a crying doll or a small kitten, and how did she know but that might be a little new sister ? They do come sometimes for Christmas presents.

Then best of all was the tree itself, green and glossy and fragrant with the smell of the woods, where it had been all summer with the birds and squirrels and brown rabbits. It was very charming to watch the man who brought the tree make it stand firmly in a tub of sand, which Guy covered with moss. But it was more charming yet to watch the little wax tapers and the Christmas gifts being hung upon the branches, until positively

there was room for nothing more, and heaps and heaps of things were piled on the piano.

At last it was evening, and Katy had her curls brushed and her new scarlet frock on, and went with Lucy into the front parlor to wait for her cousins. Such a host of them as she had! The parlor was quite full.

"We have got the loveliest Christmas tree you ever saw, and it is crowded and stuffed full of things. It is going to be lighted up just as soon as every body comes, and then we can see it and have our presents," said Katy.

"Is 'at 'a Ch'istmas t'ee?" asked little Minnie Bunn, pointing with her fat finger to the "Boston doll" sitting up in her bamboo rocking-chair on the stage, dressed in straw-colored satin.

The children laughed and said, "How cunning!" and "Isn't she a little darling?" But her sister Agatha looked rather mortified.

“Minnie Bunn had a Christmas tree once, Minnie Bunn’s self, but it is so long ago she has forgot it,” said she in such a motherly way that the children laughed again.

“O dear me! How I wish they would hurry up and open the door!” said Cousin Sophy, who never could wait till the time came. She was the girl who broke her canary birds’ eggs because she was in such haste to see the little birds, and she always pricked open her rose-buds, and read the last chapter of a book before she was half through to it.

“Christmas trees are nothing; I have seen them a hundred thousand times and more, and I don’t care at all about seeing it,” said Cousin Gertrude; “I am sorry I come. I had a great deal rather be at home cracking filberts.”

“O Gertrude, what a story! Why didn’t you stay at home then?” exclaimed Agatha.

But nobody ever heard the reason why,

for just then the folding doors rolled back, and the children were dumb with delight.

"It takes the juice out of their tongue," said Rosy, who stood in the front hall with Sebastian and Honora, looking on.

The children were not long in finding their voices, however, and then they laughed and shouted and jumped.

"There is a horse without any car to it!" cried Lucy. "Is it a truly horse? I'd like it best of any thing unless it is a candy baby."

And sure enough the horse was for Lucy, and the candy baby too.

"I know what *I* want. But I sha'n't get it. I never, *never*, get any thing I want," said Gertrude, scowling and drawing up her shoulders. "Every body else does. Every body always has a better time than I do. I wish I hadn't come. This is the homeliest tree I ever saw. My grandpapa in the country has a million prettier ones in his woods."

While she was talking the children's

Uncle Rossiter took from the tree a scarlet covered book, with gilt edges and beautifully tinted pictures, and, opening it, read "Gertrude S. Lancaster."

The little girl condescended to go and take it, but she came back with an ugly frown on her forehead.

"I hate books more than I hate any thing," said she. "Horrid old thing! I wont touch it or look at it."

"That is too bad; I am real sorry, Gerty; would you rather have my dissected picture? Santa Claus wont care if we exchange," said Katy, good naturedly.

"No," answered Gertrude, shaking her head and looking crosser than ever; "I don't wish to exchange. I hate dissected pictures worse than I do books. They are meant only for babies, and I am not a baby."

"There are two kinds of snarls, you know," whispered Agatha to Katy; "Snarling thread and snarling girls."

But the cobbler's boy from his attic

window could not see or hear any snarls. He could only see through the lace curtains the moving figures of the children, the glowing lights, the gleam of gilded picture frames and mirrors, and the brilliant branches of the Christmas fir-tree.

“O mother, just you look over to the little girl’s house! She has got a party, and only see how bright it is! Mother, mother! Come and look quick! What is that all on fire with every thing hanging to it?” he cried.

The mother put down her balls of worsted—she knit all manner of scarfs and caps and hoods and shawls for sale—and came to the window.

“It is surely a Christmas tree to hang the presents on. They are having a Christmas party for the children,” said she, looking as though she saw something a great deal farther off than across a city yard.

“O mother!” cried the boy eagerly,

“ why can’t we have a Christmas tree too ? I’ve got lots of things to hang on it. My new shoes, you know, mother, and the bright cent the gentleman gave me that came here to get his boots tapped. Then there is my tin cup I had when I was a baby—I can scour that up with ashes ; and my primer, you know, mother.”

“ Well, Sammy dear, I’ll see what we can do to-morrow night. That will be Christmas *evening* and this is Christmas *eve*. The ladies at the Hall always had a Christmas tree for the children when I was at home in England, and I’d like to have something like it once more for the sake of the old time.”

The cobbler’s wife sighed as she spoke, not because she was homesick, for she and her family were much more comfortable than they had been before they crossed the ocean, but the thought brought a yearning memory for the old home and the old friends. It was gone in a moment, though, and she went back to winding

her yarn as contentedly as ever ; while Sammy, well satisfied with her half promise, shook the thistle-down from his eyes, and turned to the window with fresh delight.

Just then Gertrude parted the curtains a little, and seated herself in the deep window to eat a saucer of blanc-mange. Then Sammy could see very plainly the tree, which had nothing left on it now, only the lighted tapers, the oranges and colored egg-shells. But that was more splendid than any thing the cobbler's boy ever saw before, and he thought it quite delightful. Little Gertrude, too, sitting between the white curtains, where she and her handsomely embroidered blue dress showed so plainly before the brightness of the dazzling gas-light, looked very charming, for Sammy could not see the pout which spoiled her pretty lips, nor hear her say fretfully,

“I don't like blanc-mange at all. Sophy has a cluster of frosted raisins, and

I should think my mother might give me some."

"Why, Gerty Lancaster!" said little Lucy, who was sitting on a hassock beside her, with a bit of sponge-cake in her hand, "it is very *unpolite* for you to tell you don't like things. Now *I* don't like this that I am eating, but I sha'n't *say* any thing about it."

The children's party was over early, and, in spite of all the gifts upon the Christmas tree, Santa Claus found something more for every little stocking that night. He even found his way into the cobbler's attic with a pop-corn ball and a pair of mittens.

The next day Katy and Lucy went to Cousin Agatha's to Christmas dinner, where, of course, they had roast turkey and plum pudding. And, what was very curious, the turkey had so many wish-bones that every child got one upon her plate.

They came home before evening, and,

going to her room just after the gas was lighted, with her hat and cape, Katy saw just as she did on the other night through her window into the attic window directly opposite.

“O my cobbler! I forgot all about him,” said she, running to the window.

The cobbler’s wife had been very busy all day, but had found time just at dusk to go out with a package of finished scarfs and another of shoes, to take to the shops where they belonged.

“And I think you might spare a few pennies out to fix the boy’s Christmas tree. It may please him,” said the lame cobbler as she tied her hood.

His wife nodded, and Sammy squealed with joy, making his nose perfectly flat against the window as he looked out to catch the first glimpse of her in the court below on her return.

She had just come in and lighted the lamp as Katy looked from the window, and as soon as she had put away her

shawl and hood she screwed her yarn-winder to the edge of the table, thus making a Christmas tree, to begin with.

Sammy looked on with his mouth and eyes open, and Katy looked on also.

First of all the cobbler's wife took a tallow candle from a wrapping of brown paper, and, cutting it into small pieces, with a little wick left at the end for lighting, she hung them by threads to the winder. Then she tied on one red apple, a sickly looking orange, a smoked herring, a doughnut, a penny jumping-jack, a two-penny book, and a sprig of evergreen that she had picked up in the street.

Every time any thing new was added Sammy jumped up and down and squealed; and Katy, out of his sight and hearing, jumped and squealed too. She had not taken half the delight in her own magnificent tree she did in this wretched yarn-winder and in the joy of little Sammy.

“O mother, please come here! my cobbler's boy is having such a good time.

Do just look over!" she cried as she heard her mother coming up the stairs. "That is his Christmas tree, and I saw every thing hung on my own self; isn't it funny? And mayn't I take him over one of my presents to hang on? I had so very many, you know, mamma. Rosy will go with me. May I go now, just this very moment?"

Mrs. Lancaster was quite willing; so Katy ran to select something from the table, where she had ranged all her presents.

"He ought to having something very nice if he has but only one," said she. "My little cook-stove is best of all, but a boy might not like that so well; I think I had better take my dissected picture; that is next best and that is for boys."

In a few minutes Katy stood with Rosy at the door of the cobbler's attic. Rosy knocked, and Sammy opened the door.

"Here is something Santa Claus sent



Katy at the Cobbler's Door.

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you," said Katy, "and I wish you a merry Christmas."

Then she turned away quickly and, holding fast by Rosy's hand, ran down the narrow stairs, which were full of crooks and turns, and across the court, into the archway, and through the little gate into her own back yard, and so home again.

But the pleasure she left behind her in the attic! There had been nothing like it since the times when the old yellow house belonged to the governor of the colony and held receptions to real lords and real ladies. No, nor then either. There had never been a boy happier within its four walls than Sammy was to-night, nor one more surprised. It was as though an angel had appeared to him coming straight down from heaven, instead of a little girl in a fur cape with shining curls and loving blue eyes.

At first Sammy could say nothing--only

smile and look, while he trembled with pleasure. But pretty soon he found his voice.

“It was the little girl in the big house yonder, mother; I have seen her playing with her cat in the yard, and with her doll sometimes, and her sister too. And there’s a brother to them. I didn’t know such nice things happened to people, did you, mother?”

The father and mother were almost as happy as the boy. The world seemed brighter for many days to them, and they had fresh hope and strength to carry into the work and weariness of their dull lives. Sammy went to sleep that night with the box of pictures hugged close to his heart, and as long as he lives there will be a warm spot where it touched him.

O little Katy, of all the fruit upon your Christmas tree this was the sweetest!

It was a little thing to give pleasure to a poor boy, but life is made up of little things; and if our hearts are full of love

for him, our Lord will make the little things great.

“Jesus bids us shine then for all around,
For many kinds of darkness in this world are
found;
There's sin, there's care and sorrow; so we must
shine,
You in your small corner, and I in mine.”

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CHAPTER VII.

BE YE ALSO PATIENT.

SOMETHING was the matter with Lucy. She didn't know what it was, and nobody else knew, unless it was turkey. Nobody pleased her, especially Katy. To make it worse, their mother had gone into the country to Grandpa Lancaster's birthday. She went the day before, and wasn't to be back till evening. And it was ironing day, so Rosy had enough to do helping Honora. Trouble began before Lucy was well awake in the morning.

"Katy Lancaster!" said she, "I should think you would be ashamed of your blue eyes. Why don't you have black ones like I do?"

Katy laughed. "I don't know any way to help it unless I wear black glasses,"

said she. "You wouldn't like that, would you?"

But Lucy did not laugh at all.

"I mean what I say, Katy Lancaster. Blue eyes make me sick. An' you stop laughing or I will have the headache. I have the headache real easy, and it always aches real hard."

"O Lucy! you don't think you are going to have the headache and mamma gone out of this house, do you?" cried Katy, in sudden fear.

"Perhaps I wont if you let me have a cup o' tea for my breakfast, and if you will give me your box of fig paste. If you don't I will," replied Lucy decidedly.

"I suppose you will have to, then, only give sister a bite of the fig paste. I've hardly tasted it yet," said Katy, who thought any price cheap to buy off a headache.

For a few minutes there was quiet in the nursery, and then Lucy began to cry.

"You've got your boot buttoned the first, and that isn't fair when I began first, and *hurried* fast as I could hurry," said she. "Now I won't try."

"Your boots are newer than mine and they don't button so easy; that is why," said Katy cheerfully.

But Lucy wouldn't be comforted; she sat on the floor crying without any tears, and when Katy came to help her she shook her head and her feet and howled dismally.

"The breakfast bell will ring in two or three minutes, Lucy," pleaded Katy, "and you haven't said your prayers yet."

Lucy put her hands down from her face and stopped howling.

"I am not going to say my prayers in the day-time; any body must be a spoon if she can't take care of themselves when it is light," said she.

"Why, Lucy!" cried Katy, quite distressed, "you might stumble going down the stairs, or get the croup, or something

might happen to mamma's cars. God can help it, but we can't."

"I don't care," replied Lucy.

And when Lucy said she didn't care there was no use in talking.

At breakfast it was no better. Lucy put so much pepper and salt on her steak that she couldn't eat it; and then if she couldn't have Worcestershire sauce and pickles she didn't want any thing.

"And, Katharine Lancaster," said she, "you've been and eaten the very piece o' toast I picked out for myself when I first came to this table. Now I sha'n't eat any breakfast and it's your fault."

Then she marched off and helped herself to Katy's best paint box, and the next day Katy knew Lucy was painting the pictures in one of her choicest books—painting them in great rough blotches the men and the trees and the houses all one color, daubed carelessly on. Katy couldn't help crying a little, and there was a whole long day yet!

"What shall I do with her?" thought she.

"O Lucy," said she, "don't you want me to tell you the story of the little woodman and his dog Cesar?"

"No, I don't," replied Lucy. "Can tell it better 'n you my ownself."

"Can you? O, I don't believe it!" said Katy.

It was fortunate she said that, for Lucy put down the paint-brush at once, and, turning about, began to tell the story after her fashion, just to show her.

"There was some great big ragged boys, barefooted, and they was going hunting," said she, drawing her little chair close in front of Katy, "and there was a good boy named Billy, I *think*. And they thought they saw a shark. Well! They went to shoot it, and they left in on the log, and he didn't know where they were till they got out of sight, and he cried. And he kept sitting there till his *pretty little dog* run with a strap

Well! And his little dog dragged him, and he kept holding on to the rope, and *holding* on to the rope till he saw a light, and holded and holded again, and at last he saw the log-house they lived in, and give him a *good* bowl of milk for his supper, after he stayed out in the rain, and then put him to bed. And that was the last of him, and that was the last of that."

Lucy had hardly finished the story when the door-bell rang, and their cousin Gertrude appeared. She looked like a beautiful picture as she came through the parlor-door, her cheeks glowing with the frosty air till they were almost as red as the heron's wing on her hat. She had large brown eyes, floating brown hair, and smooth white skin full of dimples and soft curves.

It was such a pity! But it was certainly true, that in a few years more, if she did not leave off her cross ways, Gertrude's pretty face would be spoiled, for every body who looked at it would see

the marks of her temper fits as plainly as footsteps in newly-fallen snow.

“O Gerty!” cried Katy, running forward, “did you get that lovely swan’s-down muff and tippet for your Christmas? They are just as sweet as they can be.”

“I wish you wouldn’t be always talking about my clothes,” answered Gertrude, who had come on purpose to show them. “My mother says it is not lady-like. I can stay till twelve o’clock if you make it pleasant for me,” she added. “I’ve got to take my music lesson at one.”

Katy’s heart died within her, for unless Gertrude pleased, nobody could make any thing pleasant for her.

“Lucy and I were telling stories,” said she. “Do you want to tell stories?”

“No, indeed!” answered Gertrude. “I hate stories. You know I do.”

“What will we do then? What would you like?” asked Katy.

“I don’t know. I am company, and it belongs to you to amuse me. How awful

hot you keep it here. That is what makes you all have so many colds. My mother says so."

"I guess it is cooler in mamma's room," suggested Katy. "Do you want to go up there?"

"I don't know as I do. What have you got to show me if I do?" returned Gertrude, drenching her handkerchief from a bottle of orange flowers that was standing on a bracket. It belonged to Mrs. Lancaster, and Katy never ventured to so much as take out the stopper. She looked on with horror, thinking it wouldn't do to neglect amusing her troublesome visitor any longer.

"You haven't seen our paper furniture for our baby house, have you? We've got a whole set, Lucy and I have, from Aunt Lucretia. She sent them by mail for our Christmas—sofas, and chairs, and tables, and beds, and bureaux, and every thing."

"Paper furniture!" cried Gertrude,

starting up eagerly. "That is what I've been wanting more than any thing. It is just the way! Nobody ever gives me what I want, it is always some other girl; and I've got lots of paper dolls, you haven't *half* as many as I have, and you'll be real stingy if you wont give it to me. Your Aunt Lucretia wont care, and besides she wont know it."

"Yes, Aunt Lucretia will care too," put in Lucy, "and so will I. Aunt Lucretia was named for me, only they don't call me that, to tell us one from each other."

"O little sister!" said Katy, drawing Lucy to one side, "let's give Gertrude the furniture if she wants it so bad. You know Guy promised to make us some wooden chairs and tables, and perhaps he will a bureau, if we ask him."

But Lucy was not in a self-denying mood, and she shook her head as though she meant to shake it off.

"I sha'n't do it, Katy Lancaster. It

isn't polite to beg, and I won't *'courage* it. And it isn't polite to give away presents, and I won't do that too."

So Katy came back to Gertrude and said, "The furniture is as much Lucy's as it is mine, and she isn't willing to give it away."

"That is just an excuse! How selfish you are! I should think you would be ashamed to treat company so," said Gertrude, sitting up stiffly on a chair and looking terribly cross. "I'll never come to see you again as long as I live, see if I do."

"I am ever so sorry," said Katy, "and you may have my bear if you want him."

Katy's bear was almost as big as a little kitten, with real hair on him, and glass eyes that rolled and glared almost as good as real ones. There was a place in his side that you could wind up, and then he would stand on his hind legs, and growl, and fall down and tumble about just as

though he was alive. Katy's Uncle Rositer brought it from Paris, and she thought more of it than of any thing else she possessed. So when she brought out this shaggy brown bear, and held him to Gertrude, it was as though she had taken out a piece of her heart and given her. But such generosity made Gertrude feel crosser than ever.

"Mean thing!" said she. "I hate that bear, and you know it. I am afraid of him, and you've brought him here just to plague me."

As she spoke she snatched and threw it across the room, in a sudden pet.

Lucy screamed, and Katy sprang forward; but it was too late. The bear had gone straight into the midst of the blazing coal in the grate, and in a moment all that was left of him, glass eyes, furry coat, blue neck-ribbon, and stumpy tail, was a jet of flames and a singed smell.

Katy looked after him with the life gone out of her eyes, and Lucy, sitting flat on

the rug, cried what she called "sure enough tears."

"Which is the most worth, silver or gold?" she asked.

"Gold," answered Katy, still gazing mournfully at the fire.

"I will give it you, then, my gold cent, you know, Katy, that the man at the shaver-shop gave me when I had my hair cut Friday; not last Friday, but one Friday."

Lucy's "gold cent" was made of nickel, but it was very dear to her, and Katy was comforted by the pity and generosity that had opened her little sister's heart.

"Never mind," said she, turning away with one long sigh, "Gertrude didn't mean to do it. Let's go up in the trunk room and swing in the hammock."

As for Gertrude, her ill temper seemed to go up in the flame that had burned poor Bruin. It was as though May weather and May flowers had come in January. And when Gertrude was in one of her

good moods nobody could be more charming than she.

“I do love you so!” said she, putting her arm about Katy as they went up the attic stairs together. “I think you are the sweetest cousin I have, and my mother thinks so too.”

The hammock was swung from two iron hooks fastened on the opposite sides of “the trunk room.” It was netted of small ropes made of Manilla-grass, red and blue, and flax-color. Uncle Rossiter brought it from Calcutta, and Mrs. Lancaster said she would almost as soon go without a table in the house as without a hammock. In the summer it was hung in the yard or back piazza, and in the winter in “the trunk room” out of the weather. It was good to play in, or to lie and rest and read in; and it was good for a bed when there happened to be extra guests in the house.

To-day it was good for a boat, with Gertrude and Katy at each end, and Lucy

in the middle. They rowed, and floated, and fished, and pulled water-lilies; and for a long time Gertrude was happy, and allowed the other children to be. But you could never depend on Gertrude; that was the trouble with her. Right in her sweetest moments a streak of ill temper would flash out, like lightning from a clear sky.

It happened after awhile. Gertrude and Lucy were in the hammock, with the netting twisted and rolled about them so there was no little girls to be seen, nothing but a bundle, with may be a hand or a foot sticking through the wide, yielding meshes. Katy had been swinging them up and down, to and fro, over and over.

“I am going to have some fun myself,” said she at last.

So when the hammock swung toward her, she threw herself across it and swung off with them.

“Swing us! swing us!” squealed Lucy.

nestling like an unfledged bird ; “ I don’t like this half so well. Swing us away up so I can touch the beam, and then let the old cat die.”

“ O how you do squirl about ! There is some weight in this I’ll let you know, and I am getting tired and hot too,” said Katy, throwing herself forward for another swing.

But Gertrude, with a sudden twist of her body, threw the hammock to one side of it, and Katy fell upon the floor. She fell heavily against her head, and for a minute turned pale and faint. Then she began to cry.

“ O my head, how it aches ! ” said she, putting it upon an empty trunk.

Instantly Lucy joined in crying louder yet.

“ You are a wicked girl, Gertrude Lancaster ! You’ve hurted my Katy, and now I don’t love you a bit,” said she.

Katy wiped her eyes and lifted her head. “ O Lucy,” said she, still sobbing,

"Gertrude didn't mean to hurt me, and I'll get over it pretty soon. I am better now."

"No, I didn't mean to hurt you. I was only in fun," said Gertrude. "And I am awful sorry. If you will get in the hammock now I'll swing you all the rest of the time. Will you? Come!"

But Katy's head ached too much yet, so she sat in the cradle that used to be hers when she was a baby, and watched the girls until it was time for Gertrude to go home.

Then Gertrude came and kissed her.

"I am real cross sometimes. My mother says it is my temper, and I can't help it. But when I get old enough to be ashamed of it I'll come out splendid," said she. "My mother says so."

"Did you ever ask Jesus to help you to be pleasant?" said Katy gently. "He will, if you ask him, and then try yourself, and keep trying. He helps me all the time. Jesus knows it when we are cross

to him, and I don't want to make him sorry because he loves us so."

Gertrude looked at Katy doubtfully.

"Did Jesus make you pleasant to me when I tumbled you down and burnt your bear?" said she.

"Yes, he did," answered Katy. "I wanted to speak out, but I said to myself, 'Jesus bids us shine,' and then I just shut my mouth and held on, and in a minute he took the cross out of me."

Gertrude looked still more doubtful.

"It is natural for you to be good natured, my mother says so; but I've got such a temper I don't presume I can help it till I am older. I don't know but I will try it, though," said she, slipping the cord of her muff over her head.

Gertrude "tried it," and after trying a long time she became as sweet in her temper as she was in her face.

Thus Katy, shining in her "small corner," helped to make a brightness "for all around."

CHAPTER VIII.

PUCY'S L R A Y E R.

"Giving thanks always for all things."

LUCY did not wish to come in. She wished to run longer on the wide plank sidewalk against the hospital grounds with the Meldon children.

She has a funny way now and then of saying *r* instead of *l*, and she said now,

"I don't want to come in! I want to *pray* with the *prildren* on the *pranks* more."

But the sun had already dipped down behind the river, where it showed between the hospital trees, and it was almost Lucy's bed-time, so she had to come in. However, it was not good-natured Lucy who came, it was bad Lucy.

"No! No!" she screamed, shaking

her head and frowning. "Katy sha'n't put me to bed! I'll only go with mamma!"

Now when a child says such a naughty thing as this, it is quite certain she had better not have her own way, and so Lucy's mamma thought; accordingly she asked Rosy to carry the little girl directly up stairs, and leave her with Katy. But Lucy cried and kicked all the way; then she would not try to help about undressing herself, and last of all said, "I wont say my prayer, you can't make me!"

Katy did not try, for she was wise enough to know a prayer coming out of such a naughty heart would be of no use. So, without saying a word, she sat down by the nursery window, in the moonlight that was growing brighter as the daylight faded away, and looked out upon the hundreds of homes whose evening lights she could see flashing forth one after another.

Presently, after Lucy had grown tired of crying and saying "O dear me! I don't love you a single speck nor grain," Katy began talking to herself.

"Now Aunty Noon has lighted her candle, and I suppose she is getting her supper ready."

Aunty Noon was a black woman who lived in the basement of the old yellow house in the court, and the nursery window looked down directly into her two small windows and scrap of a room.

"She has not drawn her curtains, and I can see in as plain as day. Now she is putting something more on the table."

Lucy stopped snuffling, and longed to jump up and look out, but she was ashamed to say so, and Katy went on:

"O yes! Now she is sitting down by the table, and she sits so still I think she must be thanking God for her supper. I suppose *we* should think it was a very poor supper. I'most know it isn't waffles; like enough it is only a potato."

It happened that Lucy liked waffles very much, (she called them *scuffles*,) and her mamma had had some for tea; so it came into her mind that she ought really to have felt thankful for that. But she did not speak, only turned over and listened, with her black eyes very wide open.

“Now Aunty Noon has begun to eat her supper. I can see her drinking something from a cup,” continued Katy.

Here Lucy forgot herself, and said, “*Prehaps* she has got some cold victuals for supper.”

She always called sausages “cold victuals,” and thought they were nearly as good as waffles.

“O, I don’t believe it,” replied Katy. “Aunty Noon is very poor, and she can’t have such nice things as we have. I don’t believe every thing she has cost as much as what is in this room. She is sick a great deal, too, and she hasn’t any mother to put cologne on her head, nor

any cologne either. But she thinks the Lord has given her a great deal after all. She has a home, so she doesn't have to stay in the street all night and when it rains, and she has eyes to see and ears to hear with, and hands and feet to use. Any of these things the Lord could take away just in a minute if he thought best, and I heard her say once she felt as though she couldn't thank him enough for his kindness."

Lucy's conscience began to prick her a little, but still she did not speak, only kept very quiet, and Katy went on :

"All around in these blocks of houses, and every-where, I can see lights. It is people's homes, and I suppose there are children in most all of them. I wonder if they remembered to thank God for taking care of them all day, and keeping their mother well and them well? I hope they wont forget to ask him to take care of them all night too, and not let the houses burn up."

“*Our* house can’t get set on fire now,” cried Lucy eagerly; “we’ve got fire ‘scapes now.”

“Well, but our hearts would stop beating if God should forget us for one little minute,” said Katy. “Just in one minute we should never breathe again, we should be dead. He has all the people in this world to take care of, and then there are the stars and the moon, where perhaps more folks live—Uncle Rossiter says so. I should a great deal rather ask him every night and every morning; and besides, he has told us we must. I don’t believe I should dare go to sleep without.”

Here Katy stopped talking, and began to count the multitude of stars and of lighted windows she could see; but this was too much for Lucy.

“I guess, Katy, I better get up and say my prayer to Our Father in heaven now,” said she.

Then the naughty spirit left her heart, and a happy spirit came in the place and

filled it. So it was good-natured Lucy, after all, who went to sleep that night under the blue bed-spread, with the red roses on it, in the nursery chamber.

Katy's endeavor had borne good fruit, the effects of which were seen for many days afterward.



CHAPTER IX.

KATY'S CANDLE SHINES.

'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.'

AT this time Katy's father, although he prayed with his family, had a class in the Sabbath-school, and believed he was a Christian, had not come into the Church. He thought he was just as well outside, and as he was a man slow to change his habits, he stayed where he had always been.

The first Sabbath of the New Year was communion day, and at the close of the sermon the minister said: "Every one who is conscious of a need to be saved from sin, and is willing, with his whole heart, to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ for

his salvation, has a right to this table. It belongs to our Master."

"I do that. Can I stay?" whispered Katy in her father's ear.

"Not to-day, dear. You and I will take Lucy home," he replied.

Katy said no more, but as they went up the steps, Mr. Lancaster saw two round tears fall down her cheeks.

"What is the matter, chicken?" he asked, taking her on his knee when they had gone into the parlor.

Katy hid her face, sobbing, upon his shoulder.

"I told a lie, papa, when I came out of that church. I the same as turned my back to Jesus and said I did not need any of his help."

Mr. Lancaster kissed the little wet cheek tenderly.

"Doesn't your mother think you are too young to join the Church?" he asked.

"I am not too young to tell of it if I love Jesus, am I papa?" answered Katy,

lifting her head and looking anxiously in his eyes.

"Perhaps not, my child. We will see what mother says," replied the father.

"I believe Katy loves the Saviour, and I think it is right she should tell every body so by joining the people who profess to be on the Lord's side," said the mother when she came home.

So before the next communion Sabbath came around Katy went to talk with the minister.

"What makes you think you love the Lord Jesus?" asked Mr. Atwell, drawing the child close beside him.

"Because I feel it in here," replied Katy, putting her hand upon her heart, "and because I want to please him."

"Wouldn't it be as well to try to please your mother?" asked Mr. Atwell.

Katy looked up with wonder in her eyes. "Why, when I want to please Jesus it makes me want to please every body," said she.

“Even so. Surely He hath revealed these things unto babes!” said Mr. Atwell, reverently. “‘Suffer the little children to come,’ he has said, and why should I forbid them?”

“I will go with her,” said Mr. Lancaster. “The child shall not go alone.”

So, not many Sabbaths after, Katy, her father, and her brother Guy came up to the altar to acknowledge before the great congregation the Lord Jehovah as their God, Jesus Christ as their Saviour, and the Holy Ghost as their Sanctifier, promising, by God’s grace helping them, that they would persevere in this consecration to the end.

Thus one little candle put upon a candlestick became a light unto many paths.



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R.

Ellen Gray;

OR,

APPEARANCES ARE AGAINST HER



“There seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every flower,
Which tells O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of thy almighty power.
The birds that rise on quivering wing
Proclaim their Maker’s praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee an anthem raise.”

It was the low silvery voice of Ellen Gray that sang these words. She loved the flowers, and the trees, and the green fields, and the singing of birds, and this bright spring morning, as she tripped along toward the village with her basket on her arm, her quiet happiness and joy found expression in that delightful hymn of praise.

She was a poor girl but she was good, and her heart was just as keenly alive to love and beauty as though she had been the daughter of a millionaire, instead of the child of a poor widow.

Her errand to the village was to purchase a few groceries for her mother, and then she went into a fancy store to buy materials for a collar which a lady had engaged her to embroider. While waiting her turn to be served, she noticed on the counter a bundle of geranium slips which had been laid there by one of the customers. The buds of some of them were just opening, and the bright colors peeping through the calyxes excited her admiration. "How delicate this pink leaf will be when quite opened," said she to herself, "and what a splendid flower that scarlet bud will make! and how charming it would be to have such flowers in my garden!"

The man to whom they belonged was a servant in livery, and having finished his purchases, he took up the slips and left the store. Ellen soon procured what she wanted, and turned her steps homeward. A lit-

the way down the street she saw, at some distance before her, the servant with the geraniums. She hurried on to get another peep at the beautiful buds, when she espied a green sprig on the pavement. She picked it up, and stopping a moment to look at it, she saw that it must be one of the geraniums from the package. She started on the run to restore it, and in her hurry she forgot that the basket on her arm might be in the way of other passengers on the foot-path.

Soon it came right against an old gentleman who was walking slowly toward her, and who was nearly thrown down by the shock. Ellen begged his pardon and was hurrying on, but he would not let her go so quietly. He caught her by the arm and said, "You careless little girl, did you want to give me a fall?"

"No, indeed I did not, sir," cried Ellen; "I did not intend to hurt you or to offend you. Pray let me go on with this geranium, which a man has just dropped; I am trying to catch him to give it to him."

"Nonsense," said the old gentleman, still holding her; "why did the careless fellow

drop it ? Throw it away ; you ran the risk of killing me to restore a thing not worth a penny. Throw it away, and be more cautious how you go at such a rate on a crowded foot-path."

He released her, and off she went again, following the object of her pursuit down the street into which she had seen him turn. It was in vain ; he was no longer to be seen, nor could she find any trace of him. As a last resort, she returned to the store where she met him, but there she could get no information concerning him.

She then returned home very much pleased with her treasure, for she thought it now fairly her own. The label on it gave it the grand name of the "Queen of Morocco," and her mother laughingly asked her if she thought the "Queen" would flourish in their humble cottage. But Ellen was sure the sun shone just as brightly, and the dews fell just as kindly there as in the gardens of the great.

So they did, and the plant prospered finely under Ellen's careful hand. As the buds opened, the large flower leaves or petals of

the flower looked as if they were made of velvet, quite black in the middle and softening off toward the edges into a deep crimson. Ellen thought she had never seen any flower so beautiful ; and every evening when William, her brother, came home from work, she took him to the window where she kept it, that he might see what progress it had made since the evening before.

Mrs. Gray and her two children lived very happily, though they had but a small share of this world's goods. They had learned from the word of God that it was best in whatsoever state they were therewith to be content. But God sees fit to send trials even to those whom he loves for their good, as we read, " Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." Poor Widow Gray was taken very ill, and it was a sore affliction to all the family. The children grieved most of all, because their dear mother needed so many little comforts which they were not able to procure for her. William worked out by the day for a farmer, but his wages were only enough to get such things as they must have in the family ; and Ellen

could do but little fancy work when she had the house and the nursing of her dear parent to occupy her time.

One day when their money was all gone, and their cupboard empty, Ellen set out for the village to carry home some edgings which a young lady had ordered. She had sat up the greater part of the night to finish them, and as good payment had been promised, she expected to bring back her basket well filled with such things as her mother needed. The day was fine, and the fields and banks were as gay with wild flowers as on the day when she found the geranium. The birds sang just as merrily as ever, but Ellen did not move along with the same light step and cheerful heart that she then possessed. "Everything about me is just as it was then," she thought, "and God who made them is just as good still; he is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.' I wonder why I am so cast down; I will try to think of some verse that will make me happy again."

The wisest man in the world could hardly have thought of a better way than this,

to make himself feel happy again. The words of the Lord Jesus soon occurred to her mind: "Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, what shall we drink? or, wherewithal shall we be clothed? for your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things;" and she felt comforted, knowing that she was under the care of a kind father who could provide for all her wants as he saw fit.

Ellen found Miss Parker, the young lady who had engaged the edgings, very busy talking with a young lady visitor.

"Stay a while, little girl," she said to Ellen, "I will look at your work presently," and then she went on addressing her friend. "And so, dear Eleanor, you have not heard the news; then I must tell it to you. Mrs. W. has announced that in about a month she will give a fête for all the girls who have attended her sewing school. They are to bring with them specimens of their work, and rewards are to be given to the best. Mrs. W. has kindly declared that the young ladies who have managed the school in her absence shall be invited, and she will of

course have a party of her own friends, so that it is likely we may make some nice new acquaintances. Don't you think it will be delightful Eleanor?"

Miss Willis, the young lady addressed, did not seem so earnest about it, and replied quietly: "It will be pleasant to see the little school-girls enjoying themselves, and to have their industry rewarded; but, Jane, I cannot say that I care much for getting acquainted with great people. You know the apostle says, 'Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate.' But do not keep this little girl waiting on my account; she may be in a hurry and I am not."

"O, I was forgetting her. The pattern of these edgings, I am told, is quite out of fashion now," said Jane, throwing them back on the table.

"I did them just as you desired me," said poor Ellen, looking surprised and disappointed.

"Yes, you have done them pretty well, but I heard yesterday that nobody wears them now. And why did you not bring

them the day that you promised? You may remember that I was so anxious to get them then, I told you I would not take them if there were any delay."

"Indeed, ma'am, I would have done so, but poor mother was taken ill, and I was not able to finish them till very late last night," was Ellen's reply.

"How ready people always are with excuses!" said Miss Parker. "I heard you were a religious little girl, who of course would not tell untruths, and that made me anxious to get you employment; I am sorry to find I was mistaken."

Here Miss Willis inquired, "Is this the little girl you mentioned in such high terms lately, the daughter of the widow Gray?"

"The same," replied Miss Parker; "I am very sorry to change my opinion of her. Here, Ellen, take these things back again, and let this be a lesson for the future to make you regard your word. As I do not wish to be too hard upon you, I will give you another job as soon as I get a pattern from Mrs. W. that she has promised me."

The tears streamed silently down Ellen's cheeks as she returned the work to her basket, and Miss Willis said,

"Perhaps, dear Jane, you are judging too hastily. If this little girl's story be true, and you have no reason to doubt it, her mother's illness is reason enough why she has not finished the work."

"Indeed it is all quite true, ma'am," returned Ellen in a subdued voice.

"Well, well, I will go to your house the first day that I can spare time, and see how she is, and perhaps take the new patterns," replied Miss Parker; and Ellen left looking very sad.

The kind-hearted Miss Willis felt so sure that Ellen had been misjudged, that she argued the case with Miss Parker, till the latter acknowledged she might be in the wrong; but she could not go to see Mrs. Gray then, other matters demanded her attention.

Miss Willis had business too, so she said, and she left soon. If you would like to know what that business was, you can call at Mrs. Gray's in the evening. You will

find out that Miss Willis has been there and purchased the edgings, and conversed very kindly and tenderly with the widow and her daughter. And she brought a basket, too, with tea and arrow-root, and other dainties for the really destitute sick woman. She found sad hearts and bitter tears beneath that humble roof, but she left glad hearts and happy smiles, and she was followed by the blessings of the fatherless and the widow whom she had "visited in their affliction."

Miss Willis's father was a physician, and at her request he visited the widow and gave her some medicine which helped her very much. She also got several orders for fancy work for Ellen to do, in which the little girl was very expert, and as her work pleased her employers they paid her liberally for it.

Summer was now quite advanced, and the shrubbery about the cottage looked lovelier than ever. The roses, sweet peas, and lupins were very fine, and the beautiful geranium was in full bloom. It was, indeed, a superb flower. It was kept in a sunny back

window, where Miss Willis had not seen it, until Ellen brought it to her one day. Miss Willis admired it very much, but she did not know that it was a very rare and costly flower.

Ellen's face glowed with delight at her admiration, and she cried, "Will you, dear Miss Eleanor, be so very good as to accept this plant? It would make me very happy to have you think it worth accepting."

There is sometimes as much kindness in taking as in giving; so Miss Willis made Ellen very happy by accepting the geranium, and saying that she should consider it a great ornament to her new flower-stand.

The day on which Mrs. W. was to treat the pupils of her sewing school was now very near. Ellen had formerly attended the school, and she now fixed upon a handkerchief of the finest cambric, which she embroidered all around for this exhibition. Her kind friend, Miss Willis, had taken care to get her a pretty new pattern, and often when she visited the cottage she would make tea or broth for Mrs. Gray, or read

some new book for her, that Ellen might go on with her work.

One day Miss Willis remarked: "You have done that difficult stitch very neatly Ellen. I have every hope that you will gain the first prize on Tuesday next."

"O do you think so, ma'am?" cried Ellen. "Well, perhaps I shall. Not one of the girls knows this new stitch which you were so good as to teach me."

"Do you know, Miss Willis," said Mrs. Gray, "that when I was reading the Bible yesterday I saw 'emulations' put down with 'wrath, strife, envyings,' and other things which they that do shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Now, I was wishing to ask if you think there is danger that these little girls will learn these wrong emulations by trying who can do the nicest work?"

After a pause, Miss Willis replied thoughtfully: "I believe there is danger, Mrs. Gray, that whatever we do we may be led into something wrong. Our hearts are very deceitful; and then we are told in Scripture that 'our adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom

he may devour.' This means, I think, that he is watching to lead us into sin, even when we are doing that which is not in itself sinful. Now it seems to me that as there is nothing wrong in these little girls doing fancy work to support themselves and their families, there is no harm in their trying to do it as well as possible."

"Then you do not think that emulation is wrong in itself, ma'am?" said Mrs. Gray.

"I should think not," replied Miss Willis; "for I find that in one place the apostle Paul says that he tried to provoke his own people to emulation, to receive the Gospel as the Gentiles had done. But I should wish our little Ellen here to watch her own heart well, lest any ill-will or envy might arise there."

Ellen colored, and the tears came into her eyes. "O I do believe," said she, "that very wrong feelings have come into my heart already about this work. I have felt very anxious to gain the first prize, not only because the money would help my mother, but because I should be proud to be talked about as the best of all the workers. And

then, too," she continued slowly and tearfully, "when Nancy Green cut her finger last week I felt just a little bit glad at first, for she is a very good worker. But now I see how wicked it was for me to feel so."

"I trust it was God who made you feel your error," replied Miss Willis; "and I hope the Holy Spirit will give you grace hereafter to struggle with these wrong feelings the moment they arise in your mind."

We are glad to be able to say that after this she not only tried but prayed to be kept from jealousy, envy, or any other wrong passion. This kept her mind very calm, and when Tuesday came, though wishing to succeed, she felt quite ready to be satisfied whatever the decision might be.

The next Tuesday the weather was as fine as could be wished, and the preparations made in the park were very elegant. Several tables had been spread under the fine old chestnut and sycamore trees. One of them was covered with a feast for the children, on another were fruits, and still another contained the specimens of work that were to be examined.

Music had been provided, and everything went off finely. At length the work was to be looked at. The discussion was short. Ellen's handkerchief took the first prize.

Ellen had always been so kind and obliging to her young companions that they all seemed pleased at her success. Even those who had felt hopes of gaining it themselves now gathered around wishing her joy, and among the rest Nancy Green was heard to say, "Well, Ellen, since it was not myself that got the prize I am glad that it was you." Ellen thought of the cut finger. "Dear Nancy," she said, "you are much kinder to me than I deserve, and so is every one."

The lesser prizes were soon adjudged, and then the conduct of the school-girls was inquired into. So much was said in praise of Ellen, that a Mrs. D., a grand lady, declared she must have the pleasure of making a present to so good a girl, and would do so in the evening, when the prizes were to be distributed. Miss Willis looked at Ellen to see how she bore all these honors, and was very glad to find that she did not seem

puffed up by them, but was the most quiet one in the group.

After the children were seated at their repast, the company went into the house, and while enjoying themselves there, the attention of Mrs. D. was attracted to a geranium in Miss Willis's boquet, and she begged to know where she obtained it.

Miss Willis immediately replied that it was a gift from Ellen Gray, the little girl who had taken the highest prize for fancy work, but she could not tell how Ellen came by it.

They soon determined to send for Ellen, and she, supposing she had been called to receive her present, came very gladly though modestly. Mrs. D. spoke to her in rather a harsh voice and said :

"We have sent for you to tell us, as we expect you will do with truth, where you got this scarce and beautiful geranium, the 'Queen of Morocco,' which you gave to Miss Willis?"

There was something so stern in Mrs. D.'s manner that poor Ellen trembled from head to foot, and was scarcely able to stand. She

tried to speak, but felt as if there were something in her throat that choked her.

The ladies shook their heads, and she heard Mrs. D. say, "Conscious guilt." At this she summoned her courage and gave the history of the unlucky plant as well as she was able.

When she had ended her story, Mrs. D. said: "Well, she has arranged it all cleverly. It is really sad to see one so young guilty of such deceit."

The other ladies looked as if they thought the same, except Miss Willis, who said: "I have known this little girl and her mother for some time, Mrs. D., and I believe her to be so good and so well brought up that she would not be guilty of deceit. May I make so free as to ask why you do not believe what she has told?"

"Certainly, Miss Willis," was the reply. Then Mrs. D. stated that she had seen this geranium in the green-house of a gentleman who prized it highly, and was not willing to part with it. But she finally obliged him with some rare flowers, and in return he promised to send her this geranium with

some others by express. A trusty servant was sent for them, but when the flowers blossomed the Queen of Morocco was not among them. The servant had mentioned that he laid down the package on the counter of a store while making some purchases, and observed a young girl looking at them in a way he did not like.

This servant was then sent for, and he recognized Ellen as the girl that he had seen in the store. Appearances were certainly very much against her, and they all agreed that it would be right to withhold the prize and the present until her innocence could be shown.

Poor Ellen! with streaming eyes and a sorrowful heart she went home that night to disappoint her mother and brother, for they had already heard that she had won the prize. It was a sad evening in that little circle, but the good widow talked so trustingly of that kind Providence that watches over all our affairs, that Ellen was soothed and consoled.

After this the poor girl saw a great many sorrowful days. The story grew as it spread

and the ladies who had employed her withheld their work, to give it, as they said, to the more deserving. Mrs. Gray, through the influence of this new sorrow, and for want of proper food, began to decline in health again.

Miss Willis did not desert them, but she was not rich, and could not help them very much with her own means, and besides they carefully concealed their destitution from her as much as possible.

After some weeks Ellen received a message requesting her to call at Mrs. W.'s again. She hoped that something had come to light to prove her innocence.

But she found that they had sent for her to do a piece of work which none of the other girls would undertake. "Now we hope," said Mrs. W., "your future conduct will prove that you are sorry for what has happened, and if so we will sometimes employ you."

Ellen felt disappointed. She laid down the piece of cambric and said: "I would rather not, ma'am. I was not guilty of what was said of me."

Here Miss Willis spoke, saying, "You had better take the work, Ellen. We cannot blame the ladies for thinking as they do, appearances are so much against you, but I hope they may yet be convinced of your innocence."

"Indeed, that would give us great pleasure," replied one of the ladies.

Ellen stood receiving directions about the work, when an old gentleman entered the room. He was Mrs. W.'s uncle, and looking around on the company, he said smiling, "Well, ladies, I suppose you are all very busy to day, sitting in judgment on these flounces, and collars, and handkerchiefs."

At the sound of his voice Ellen looked up, and saw that it was the gentleman that had stopped her in the street when she was running to restore the geranium. She sprang toward him, and cried out, "O sir, won't you tell the ladies all about it? Won't you clear me to them?"

She could go no farther, but Miss Willis briefly explained the matter. He was able and quite willing to prove the truth of her story, and he did so with much pleasure

The ladies were all glad to hear it, though they were a little ashamed of having judged her so hastily. They gave her the sum of money that was to have been the prize, and Ellen returned home with a thankful and happy heart. Miss Willis came over in the evening to share their joy, and all together they thanked their heavenly Father for guiding them safely through this trouble.

Mrs. D. too called soon after to make amends for her hasty judgment. She became a warm friend of the family, and observing William's taste for gardening, she employed him under her own gardener with handsome wages.

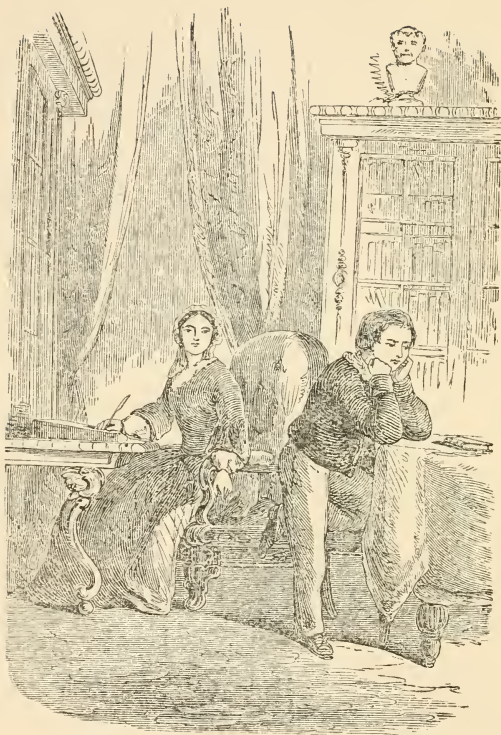
Everything now seemed to prosper with the widow and her family, and as they had trusted God in time of trouble, so it might be said that they now served him "with joyfulness and gladness of heart for the abundance of all things."

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POOR JACK AND HIS FRIEND.

See page 13.

Jack, the Deaf Mute.

JACK was a dull boy. He did not have the bright eye and animated ways that deaf mutes generally have. He was ragged and dirty, and the coarse rough hair fell over his unwashed face. Nobody seemed to care much for poor Jack.

In the same town where Jack lived was a very benevolent lady, a Mrs. P. She was pious and talented. She has written a great many books, both for children and grown people, and is generally known as Charlotte Elizabeth. She became deaf herself when about ten years old, though she was not a mute, because at that age she could of course talk readily.

She took great interest in the welfare of all deaf mutes that she met with, and when she came to live in the town of Kilkenny, she began to gather around her such as she could find. For some time she had but three pupils, whom she taught very carefully. They were bright, active children; one of them in particular was very quick, and learned rapidly. After a while he brought in Jack with him. Not that he really cared for Jack, or owned him as a playmate, but he knew him, and meeting him as he was going to school one morning, he took him along.

Mrs. P. received Jack kindly, for she was good to everybody; but she, too, thought him a very dull boy.

The first thing she did was to put lettered blocks before him, and with these to spell out for him the names of what she wanted him to learn, as d-o-g, c-a-t. But he did not seem to understand anything about it. Deaf mutes are generally very quick at imitation; but it was a long time before she could even get Jack to copy the letters she made for him on the slate. Poor little

Jack. He was a sad dunce, though he seemed to love the lady and to do the best he knew how.

“You will never make anything of him,” said a friend to her one day as she was trying to teach him to write. “It is of no use. You are just wasting your time.”

Mrs. P. sighed. She almost thought so herself. She looked pityingly upon him, saying, “Poor boy!” and brushing the hair out of his eyes. As she did so he turned his face up toward hers, displaying one of the finest foreheads she had ever seen.

“No,” she replied with sudden energy, “with such a forehead as this I cannot fail of success.”

She persevered, and his awaking came all at once. He began to ask questions almost without end. Everything that he could carry he brought to Mrs. P., making his sign for “what? what?” till she satisfied his inquiries.

One day he came to her with a very animated countenance, and began a long comparison between himself and the dog. He told her by signs that they both could eat.

drink, and sleep, be merry or angry, sick or well. And yet he felt there was a great difference. What was it? He began to feel that he had a mind, though it was very difficult to make him understand much about it.

Some time after this he began to question earnestly about the sun. He seemed full of grave but restless thoughts, and pointing to the sun, he asked Mrs. P. by signs if she made it. She shook her head. Did her mother make it? No. Did the minister or the priest? She still replied in the negative. Then "what? what?" with a frown and a stamp of fretful impatience.

The lady paused a moment, then pointed upward with a reverent look, and spelled the word "*God*."

He seemed deeply impressed, and asked no more at that time; but the next day he came with a great many "whats," and seemed determined to know more about it. The lady told him that this God was great, and powerful, and kind, and that he was always looking at us.

Jack smiled, intimated that he did not

know how the sun was made, for he could not keep his eyes on it. But he thought the moon was like a dumpling, sent rolling over the tops of the trees, as he rolled a marble over the table; and the stars he thought were cut out with a large pair of scissors, and stuck in the sky with the thumb. This he settled as his system of astronomy, and seemed very well satisfied with it.

The next day he came to the lady in a great passion, and made signs that her tongue ought to be pulled out, as much as to say she had told a lie. She looked innocent, and said "What?" He replied that he had looked everywhere for God; he had been down the street, over the bridge, into the church-yard, and through the fields; and he had risen in the night to look out the window, but all in vain. He saw no one big enough to put up his hand and stick the stars into the sky. She was bad, her tongue must be pulled out, for there was "God-no," "God-no;" and he repeated "God-no" so often that it went to her heart.

What could the lady do? Here was a poor afflicted boy getting out of his bed to look by night for one whom he had vainly sought by day. How could she give him an idea of God? She sat thinking.

Presently she took up a small pair of bellows and began to puff the fire, and then she directed a rough blast at his hand, that hung near. He drew it back quite angrily; but she looked innocent, and watching the nose of the bellows, as she puffed in all directions, she explained that she could not see anything; then imitating his manner she said "wind-no," and shook her head at him, saying his tongue must come out.

He opened his eyes very wide, stared at her, and panted; a deep crimson suffused his whole face, and a soul, a real soul shone out of his strangely altered countenance as he triumphantly repeated by signs, "God like wind," "God like wind."

Here was a glorious step from atheism into the full recognition of the true God. From this time every new object that met his view gave rise to some touchingly simple question about God. Previously he had

been in the habit of teasing the dog and other animals, but now he became very tender toward every living thing, and passing his hand caressingly over any of them, he would say, "God-made."

The other three pupils fell off at different times, their parents being afraid that Mrs. P. would make Protestants of them. But Jack by his own request came to live with her, as his own home was at some distance.

At a sickly time in that town a great many funerals passed the house. Jack, who had noticed them, and had also seen dead bodies in their coffins, one day came to Mrs. P. and asked by signs if these would ever open their eyes again.

It must have been the Holy Spirit that led him to ask such a question, for he had seen nothing that could lead him to suppose they would live again.

The lady took immediate advantage of this, to teach him a great lesson. She sketched on paper a crowd of persons, old and young, and near them a pit, with flames rising from it. She told him that all these

people, that everybody in the world was bad, and that God would put us all into the fire. When his alarm was greatly excited she pictured another person, who was God's Son, as she told him, and that he was good, and offered himself to be killed, instead of the people; and when he died the pit was shut up, and the people were saved.

After a few moments of deep thought Jack objected that the rescued people were many, and that he who died was but one, and his earnest "What?" showed that he did not understand how one could be taken in place of so many. The lady quietly cut up some flowers that were near by into a great many pieces, and then laying her gold ring beside them, asked him which was worth the most, the one gold ring or the many bits of flowers.

He saw the meaning of the symbol at once. He struck his hand on his forehead with the most rapturous expression of countenance, and intimated that the gold ring was worth more than a room full of broken flowers. Then he stood still, and pointed to the ring, to the flowers, to the lady, and

to himself, and then raised his eyes to heaven. A smile perfectly angelic beamed on his face, and his eyes sparkled with delight. Then came a gush of tears, and looking up again, with an expression of deep awe and unbounded love, he gently spelled out on his fingers "Good One," "Good One," and ended by asking his name.

Poor Jack was never to hear the name of Jesus in this world, but from that hour it was the charm of his soul. No sooner had he learned the mission of the Saviour, than he received him unquestioningly into his heart, and he was converted. It was a beautiful, perfect faith, that of the poor dumb boy, and it were good for us all if we had more of it.

Up to this time Jack had very little idea of the difference between the Protestant and Popish religions. He had been in the habit of going with his older brother, Pat, to the mass-house, and worshipping the crucifix. But his emotion was very great when he discovered that the Saviour in whom he was rejoicing was represented by the crucifix which he had been taught to worship.

Returning from the mass-house one day, he came to Mrs. P. in a state of great excitement. He took up a clothes-brush, and set it on one end, and bowed down before it, chattering away in imitation of saying prayers, and then asked the brush if it could hear. He waited for the reply, and finally knocked it over, and kicked it furiously about the room, saying, "Bad god, bad god."

The next morning he came to her again, very much animated, and began to describe the growth of a tree. He said it was "God-made," and very beautiful. Then he went through with the motions of cutting it down, and making a box, a stool, and a crucifix of the wood, and pretended to throw the chips on the fire and warm himself by the blaze. Then he set up the imaginary crucifix, and seemed about to pray to it, when he checked himself, and said reverently, "No." The tree, he said, was God-made, and his hands that made the crucifix were God-made, and so the crucifix could not be God. Then he became very angry to think that anybody should worship such a thing, and pretended to beat it about the room in a great fury,

and ended by inquiring of Mrs. P. if she worshiped such things when she went to church.

She told him distinctly that she did not; but she said very little more to him about it then, for she knew that if she took him to church with her, his friends would remove him from her care for fear of his becoming a Protestant. But from that time, when he went to his own church, he cunningly ran up to the organ-loft, and so avoided going in to prostrate himself before the crucifix, though none of his friends suspected his object.

The Holy Spirit was evidently teaching his heart, for no where else could he have learned that forcible lesson on the folly of idolatry. If my readers will look at the forty-fourth chapter of Isaiah they will find one exactly like it; yet this poor boy could not read, nor had any human being read it or told it to him.

Jack improved rapidly in his personal appearance under the care of his kind friend. His stiff bristly hair began to assume a silky appearance, he had a noble brow and

a fine complexion, while his large dark eyes were ever speaking some thought that occupied his mind. He was very modest, his taste was refined, and his deportment correct.

When Jack was about twelve years old Mrs. P. removed to England. With the full consent of his parents and friends, she took him with her, to do with him as she liked, to take care of him, and make him a Protestant. And it was delightful to witness his devout bearing, while joining their family worship, when they were fairly away from the influence of his Popish friends.

On their way to England they visited Dublin. Mrs. P. expected him to be much astonished at the magnificent buildings of that city, but he viewed them all with indifference; they were not "God-made;" but all the fine natural scenery that he met on the way excited his admiration to the highest degree.

He had one adventure that greatly pleased him. He went into a toy-shop with Mrs. P. and, enchanted by the wonders around him, he strayed on into an adjoining

recess, that was well filled with toys. There he saw a fine large rocking horse. He approached it carefully, and having satisfied himself that it would neither bite nor kick, he finally mounted it, and began careering away in high glee. The noise he made attracted the attention of the people in the shop, and when they came rushing in to see what was the matter, there he was with his hat off, his arm raised, his mouth and eyes wide open, tearing away in the maddest paroxysm of delight, to the great danger of all the toys about him.

He was dismounted with some difficulty. He wanted to know how far he had rode, and whether the horse was "God-made." He always referred to this circumstance afterward with the greatest pleasure; and when he met with the name of Dublin, he always associated it with the rocking horse. "Good Dublin," he would say; "Good horse, small Jack love good Dublin horse."

Of course Jack had no idea of the strength of his lungs, nor of the amount of noise he could make; and sometimes in a fit of passion he would raise quite a commotion in

the household. Circumstances finally made it necessary that this should be corrected. Mr. W., a young friend, was called upon to give him a few raps on the head, and shut him up in a dark room. "Poor fellow!" said Mr. W., when it was done, "I suppose this will be the end of my popularity." But he was mistaken. The first time that Jack saw him after that he very gracefully and cordially thanked him, and kissed his hand with a bow, saying, "Jack no more cry." He always retained a very grateful remembrance of the correction, and used to say, "Good Mr. W., good little stick beat Jack's head, make bad Jack good. Jack love good Mr. W." And as they knew that he was not much hurt by the operation, they considered it a striking example of that openness to rebuke, which is so lovely a mark of true Christianity.

One of Jack's greatest comforts was in prayer. When he was trying to make himself understood by his fellow-creatures, there was always a mixture of anxiety in his look, but this gave place to the most serene satisfaction when he was "talking to God."

He felt that God only could understand him perfectly without the aid of words. Under all conditions and circumstances, in health or sickness, in joy, in grief, in danger, in perplexity, over his food, his studies, his work, or his amusements, his countenance was ever and anon wearing that look of peculiar sweetness that was the index of his silent prayer.

Jack was much afraid of the effects of bad company, and rather than have a man-servant about, with whom he would be obliged to associate, he undertook the care of two horses and a cow. It gave him great delight to be of use to any one, or to find that he had given satisfaction in what he had been doing.

One day he came with an earnest petition for a large hoop, to help him to go faster on his errands. He said that the stage horses that passed the house went very fast, because the four horses had four large hoops, meaning the wheels; and that if he had a large hoop, he could go as fast as the horses. This idea was so amusing that the hoop was sent for at once; and many a

race he had with the coaches, rolling his wheel, nodding defiance at the horses, and shouting aloud with glee.

Jack grew up a graceful, comely, pure-minded young man, very affectionate and tender-hearted. He was especially attached to the lady who had so kindly cared for him, and taught him in the way of salvation.

For some years Mrs. P. lived with an only brother, to whom she was most devotedly attached. This brother was suddenly drowned under very afflicting circumstances, so that the blow fell on the whole family with crushing weight. Mrs. P. was almost inconsolable. Jack, who was also deeply attached to the "beautiful Captain B.," as he always called him, sympathized with her most tenderly. When she came down stairs that dreadful morning, on first hearing the sad news, he met her with a face of such wild dismay as to demand her attention. He uttered an audible "O," in the most touching tone. Then, to show that he could not realize the tidings, he said, "Jack what? Jack asleep? Jack see no—think no. Jack afraid, very. Beautiful Captain B.

gone ? dead ? what ?” and he stamped with the impatience of that fearfully inquisitive what. She replied, “ Captain B. gone ; water kill, dead.” Tears stole down his face as he responded “ Poor mam,” (so he called her;) “ Mam one, (alone;) God see poor mam one ; Jesus Christ love poor mam one.”

This brother had not been an open professor of religion, and though Mrs. P. had some reason for supposing that he had recently met with a change of heart, yet she did not feel satisfied on this point. She asked Jack, “ Jesus Christ love Captain B. ?” “ Yes,” he replied after a moment’s solemn thought, on the question, “ Yes, Jack much pray. Mam much pray. Jesus Christ see much prays,” and assured her that God would make wings on her brother’s shoulders and make him a “ very tall angel, very beautiful,” and so he comforted the bereaved one even while mourning most deeply himself. The next night he could not sleep, and rising from his couch he went into the little study occupied by Mrs. P. and took down from among his own drawings that hung around the room, all that represented wa-

ter, or a ship, or a boat, or anything that might remind her of the sad fate of her brother. He had from long habit become able to read every turn of her countenance with the utmost ease, and so strongly did her sufferings affect him that he fell into a decline, a strange yet beautiful instance of the most exquisite sympathy.

When Jack's eldest sister Mary heard of his ill health she came over to see him. She was a strong Romanist, and wanted the priest to visit him. To this he would not consent. He hated the "Roman" as he always called the Papal religion, most cordially. "Roman is a lie," he would say; "Jesus Christ hate Roman." But his spite was all directed against the false religion, not against those who were deluded by it, for when he heard of the conversion of a Papist he was delighted. He tried very earnestly to convert his sister Mary, and as she could not read, the whole conversation was carried on by signs. But the controversy sometimes grew so warm that Mrs. P. was obliged to part them.

His older brother, Pat, had already been

converted, and the fortnight that he spent with Jack just before the death of the latter, was a time of great consolation to them both. But Pat grieved so bitterly over the prospect of his brother's death that he never went to bed more than twice during the whole time.

As death approached Jack's sufferings became very great, but his patience was greater. When he appeared in the morning, with pallid, exhausted looks, if asked whether he had slept, he would reply, "No; Jack no sleep, Jack think good Jesus Christ see poor Jack. Night dark. Heaven all light. Soon see heaven. Cough much now; pain bad; soon no cough, no pain." Sometimes, when greatly oppressed, he had leeches, at one time half a dozen, put to his side at his own request.

The inflammation was very great, and the torture dreadful as they drew it to the surface. He seemed half wild with agony. Looking up in Mrs. P's. face, he saw her bathed in tears. Instantly assuming his sweetest expression of countenance, he said in a leisurely way that the pain he suffered

was much, but the pain that the Lord suffered was much more. "Jack loves, loves, very loves good Jesus Christ." When another violent pang made him start, he nodded his head, and said, "Good pain ; make Jack soon go to heaven."

There was ever present with him a sublime idea of the "red hand." It was something like this. He said that when he had lain a good while in the grave God would call aloud "Jack !" and he would start up and say, "Yes, me Jack !" Then he would rise and see multitudes standing together, and God sitting on a cloud with a very large book in his hand. He would beckon him to stand before him while he opened the book and looked at the top of the pages till he came to the name of John B. In that page God had written all Jack's "bads," every sin he had done, and the page was full. So God would look and strive to read it, but there was "no, nothing, now." In some alarm, Mrs. P. asked him if he had done no bad. O yes, he said, much ; but when he first prayed, Jesus Christ had taken the book out of God's

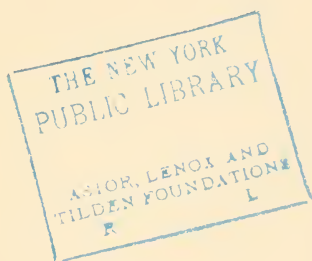
hand, and opening the wound in his own hand, he had let it bleed all down the page, so that God could see none of Jack's sins, only Jesus Christ's blood.

Nothing being thus found against him, God would close the book, and he would remain standing there until the Lord Jesus Christ came, and saying to God, "My Jack," would put his arm around him, draw him aside, and bid him stand with the angels until the rest were judged.

His long sickness was all marked by such tender patience and such sublime thoughts. It was a great pleasure to Christians to visit him. Especially was it very consoling to the benevolent Mrs. P. to see the good Lord thus so kindly finishing what she had begun by his direction. Very sweetly Jack thanked her for all her care, and his dying request was that she should do all she could to save "Jack's poor Ireland" from the evils of popery. Then, raising his feeble hands, already damp with the dews of death, he repeatedly and emphatically spelled out with them his dying protest: "Roman is a lie!"

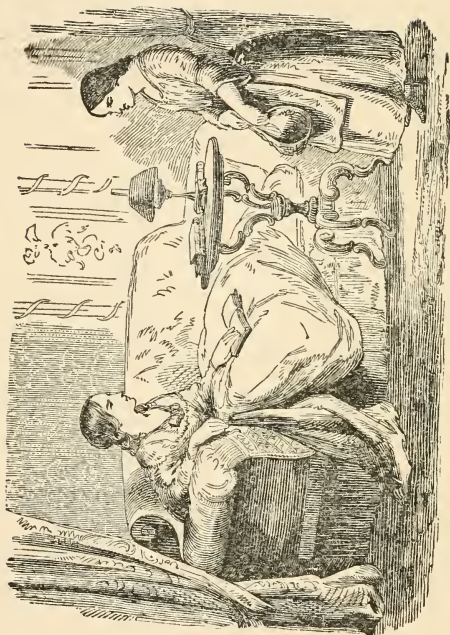
The last signs of removal came in the evening. His sight failed. He rubbed his eyes, shook his head, and smiled with conscious pleasure. At last he asked Mrs. P. to let him lie down on the sofa, where he had been sitting, and saying very calmly "asleep," he put his hand into hers, closed his eyes, and gently breathed his spirit out to God who gave it.

Mrs. P., or Charlotte Elizabeth, lived many years after this to write books for the benefit of beloved Ireland. The above account of Jack is selected and abridged from her Personal Recollections.



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Too old to go to Sunday School;

OR,

THE BIG SUNDAY SCHOLAR, AND WHAT SHE
LEARNED IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

It was Saturday evening. A crowd of girls poured out from a factory in the busy city of N., and among them was Ellen Morris. She was a young girl of about fourteen; but she appeared at least two years older than that.

She soon left the crowd, and passing along another street, she entered a quiet tenant house, and on the third floor tapped for admission. A girl somewhat older than herself opened it, and greeted her very kindly.

“I am so glad you are at home, Mary,” said Ellen, as she walked in and sat down, “for I want to get you to trim my hat for

me, if you will. You always do it so neatly."

Mary hesitated. "Can you wait a few minutes?" she inquired; "mother is out, and I want to get tea ready for father before he comes in, and put Fanny to bed."

"O yes," replied Ellen; "I don't care how long I wait only so I can have it to-night." Mary was not a regular milliner, but she was very handy at such work, and she did many little jobs for her friends at a small price, and thus helped them and herself also.

The little tasks were soon done, and the girls were quietly chatting together in Mary's bedroom, while Mr. Goodsell was getting his tea. The bonnet came on nicely in Mary's hands. Ellen watched its progress with much satisfaction. Finally, after a pause in the conversation, the latter said: "I do not think that I shall go to Sunday school any more, Mary."

"Why not?" inquired Mary with some surprise; "what has happened now?"

"O nothing, only I think I am getting to be almost too old. One don't want to go to Sunday school always."

"Why you are not as old as I am by more than two years, are you?"

"No, I suppose not," she replied slowly; "but then a good many in our class are going to leave. There's Anna Hopkins, and Jane Brown, and Kate Sanford, they will all leave, and I guess Maggie Peet will go too, before long. Then you and I will be the only big girls left."

"But I thought you were very much attached to the teacher, and interested in the lessons."

"O yes, they are all well enough, but grown up folks don't go to Sunday school. There must be some time to stop, I suppose."

Mary sighed gently. "And what will you find to do on a Sunday if you do not go to Sunday school?" she inquired.

"O, I shall go to church in the morning, and take a walk on the common in the afternoon, and read a chapter in the Bible, I suppose, though I have not thought much about it."

"Well, Ellen, for my part I mean to go to Sunday school till I find something bet-

ter to do on a Sunday. I hope I shall never be too old to go anywhere to get good. And I'd dearly love to have you stay too, we have been there so long together. You'll consider the step well before you go, won't you, Ellen?"

"Yes, Mary, I will. You are so good that I can't refuse you anything. I can't help liking your sort of religion. You are so kind to everybody."

"If there is any good about me," was the meek reply, "I first got it at the Sunday school; and you can get as much and a great deal more too."

The hat was soon finished and duly talked over, and as Ellen left Mary said, "So I shall see you at school to-morrow shall I not?"

"Yes, I'll be there to-morrow anyway," she replied, as she bade her friend good-by and tripped away.

Ellen was at the school according to her promise. She and Mary Goodsell were in the same class, and as they sat side by side, Ellen's heart acknowledged the kind sympathy, and opened more freely than usual

to the instructions of the hour. Such is even the silent influence of goodness and kindness.

Miss Elliot, their pious teacher, was that morning discoursing on home duties. "You are," said she, "the most of you growing up well nigh to womanhood. Would it not be well to stop here and take a look at the past and at the future. What has each of you done at home? What is your position in the home circle? How many of you will be greeted with the smiles and caresses of parents, and brothers, and sisters, as you return to your homes to-day?"

She stopped and looked around. It was wonderful to see the picture daguerretyped on the different faces by this beam of light, the pictures of their homes. Kate Sanford's countenance was scornful. She evidently thought herself quite above the level of the other inmates of her home. She did not expect either smiles or caresses, nor would she have stooped to receive them; and the stiff blue roses in her hat, and the flaunting ribbons, were a suitable accompaniment to the curled lip. Poverty and filth dwelt in

her house, and she stretched forth no kind hand to remove them.

Anna Hopkins showed a sullen power. There were no cheering sunbeams, no loving associations in her home, and she was doing nothing to create them.

Ellen's face wore a troubled look.

Others more thoughtless, or whose home relations were less marked, found leisure to observe their classmates, and several pairs of eyes were turned to Mary Goodsell's face, where rested a cheerful, loving smile. That was a plain face; but amid its neat surroundings there were no gaudy flowers to attract the attention from the little dimpled mouth, with its half hidden world of love, or to eclipse the bright eye that answered back with ready thought to the instructions of her teacher. Neither beauty, gay bonnets, nor rich dress, make us lovely or happy; but the wealth of the heart and purity of soul.

Miss Elliot's eye followed the glances that rested upon her, and as one of the class remarked, "Mary will, I'm sure," the teacher replied, "Yes, no one doubts that; but I asked the question not expecting a vocal

answer. I want each of you to answer to her own heart."

Another moment of expressive silence followed, and Miss Elliot proceeded: "It is at home that each of you will probably find your greatest happiness, or your greatest misery. Which of these you find there depends mostly on your own wishes and actions. If you have not begun already, with loving, patient self-denial, to be of some use at home, it is high time that you do begin, or you will suffer sadly for the want of it.

There is nothing like it for making yourselves and those about you happy. Begin to day. See if you cannot please your friends at home by some little acts of kindness, and do not be afraid to sacrifice some of your own real or imaginary wants for their benefit. You will feel amply repaid if, at some future time, you should hear your parents say, "Thank God for giving us such a daughter." Or if no such word of commendation falls upon your ear, you will be happier because you have made them happier."

The signal bell for closing the lessons

10 TOO OLD TO GO TO SUNDAY SCHOOL.

now rang, and the books were put away. Ellen sat in silence. A tender cord in her heart had been touched. She had longings for home affection, but they had never been satisfied. She felt as if her parents cared little for her, and she had never asked herself the question, how much affection she showed for them. New hope sprang up in her heart, and she resolved to live more for them, and for her little brother, than she had ever done before.

With such thoughts as these in her mind, at the close of the session she had forgotten her plans for leaving the school, forgotten "how old she was," and the taunts of her classmates fell harshly upon her ear.

"See, there is Ellen Morris," said one; "she said she was not coming to school any more. I suppose she has come to-day to show her new hat."

But a gentle spirit had taken possession of Ellen's heart, and she replied mildly :

"I hope my new hat was not the only reason why I came to school this morning; at any rate, I have had something of more consequence to think of since I did come."

The girls were surprised that she did not angrily and rudely deny what they said, and they pursued the subject no further.

While at church she usually spent the time in gazing about to see how other people were dressed ; but now her serious mood led her to listen to the sermon, which, happily for her, was upon the importance of prayer. She was told that nothing should be undertaken without seeking the blessing of God, and she felt that in the effort she was about to make to gain the love and minister to the happiness of the home circle, she had special need of prayer. And she did pray. She prayed in church, she prayed on the way home, and when she went to put away her bonnet and shawl, in her little attic bed-room, she kneeled down and prayed again.

Then she went down into the family room to dinner. At least it was dinner time, but dinner was not always ready in good season. Mrs. Morris was not a very tidy housekeeper, and when anything happened to delay the Sunday dinner, which was frequently the case, Ellen was usually in no

12 TOO OLD TO GO TO SUNDAY SCHOOL.

mood to lend a helping hand. If called upon to do so, she did it very ungraciously. She liked far better to sit down by the window, with her Sunday-school library book.

But to-day she went up to the stove and stood there a moment. No one took any notice of her. "No smiles or caresses for me," she said to herself; "but whose fault is it?"

She took up a fork and tried the potatoes. They were done. Her mother was busy about something else. "Mother," said she "shan't I take up the potatoes, and peel them?"

Her mother, half surprised, replied: "I don't see as there is anybody to hinder you. I suppose if I had asked you, it would have been a long time before you'd have been ready to do it."

A tear started in Ellen's eye, but she remembered how much cause her mother had to complain of her, and she made no reply. She did the task quickly and quietly, and then she poured out the water into the tumblers, set the chairs to the table, and helped up the younger boys into theirs.

There were three boys, one of about ten, another of seven, and the baby, as he was called, of three. A sister younger than herself had been buried the past year ; but the affliction had failed to soften their hearts into kindness among themselves.

Ellen was naturally of a gentle disposition, and when she saw the kindness with which Mary was treated at her home, she sighed to think there was no such kindness for herself. But she had not taken the right course to correct the difficulty ; she grew sul-
len and exacting, and this only made the matter worse. The remarks of her teacher that day just came in to set her all right, and she saw that she must give love and kindness if she would receive them in return. How much she would have lost that day if she had yielded to the temptation and staid away because she was “ too big to go to Sunday school any more.”

The poor child was somewhat cheered to see the faces at the dinner-table that day brighter than usual. Her mother, a little softened by her continued good-nature, began to tell of a call she had that morning

from Betsey Milman, and what had happened to Betsey's master of late, affairs that didn't interest Ellen at all; but she listened respectfully. She soothed Billy and Tom once when they fell into a dispute, and directed their attention to something else, and they finished their dinners peaceably. The father ate in silence as usual.

Ellen thought she had made a very good beginning, but she had cause to shed tears, and feel discouraged many times during the week. It is very, very difficult to turn the habits of a whole family from indifference, or coarse unkindness, to tender love and mutual consideration.

The next Sabbath Miss Elliot observed her unusual seriousness and close attention, and on their way to church she drew from her, in private conversation, some idea of her home labors and trials. She had time to say but very little then, but as they parted she invited the young girl to come and make her a visit on Tuesday evening.

This was quite an event for Ellen, and she felt rather timid when she first stood before her teacher in the parlor; but the la-

dy greeted her so kindly, and seating her on the sofa beside her, laid by her book and conversed so freely, that Ellen was soon quite at ease.

She could tell Miss Elliot many things that she was sure she never could have told to anybody else, while she was also careful to say no more about the peculiarities of the home circle than was necessary to get Miss Elliot's advice. And that advice came with such tenderness and goodness, that Ellen went away feeling a thousand times more elevated than she would have done in leaving the Sunday school, because she was too old to go there any more. "If I had left the Sunday school," said she to herself, "as I thought to a few weeks ago, I should have lost all this. I hope I shall never be too old to go anywhere to learn such lessons as these."

She frequently consulted Mary, too, and was much surprised to find that she had recently been through a similar scene. "I thought your friends always loved you," said she to her one day; "and I have often wished that I had such kind friends."

"O no," was Mary's reply; "you know the Bible says, 'He that hath friends must show himself friendly.' And I find that if others love us, it does very little good unless we love them."

"And did you not always love your friends?"

"Why, no, not always. I used to be very unkind to them sometimes. It was my dear Mrs. Murray, who was my teacher before I went into Miss Elliot's class, that made me change my ways."

"What did she say; do tell me all about it," was Ellen's earnest request.

"Well, she used to talk to us about love, all the way through our lessons. She would talk about the love of Jesus that made him come down to the world and live and die here for our sakes. His heart, she said, was full of love, and if we wanted to be like him we must have loving hearts. The great object of his living here so long was to teach us to love God and our neighbor. This was the new commandment given unto us, and yet she showed that it was not new, except in form. The ten commandments, she said,

could be divided into two classes, one of which, including the first form, taught love to God, and the rest taught love to our neighbor. And so it did not seem to make much difference what part of the Bible we were studying, she always found something in it about love. When any wrong act was brought up for our observation, she always remarked how the spirit of love had been violated."

"Well, I should have thought you would have been tired of so much about the same thing."

"O no; it seemed to unite all the different parts of the Bible together, and make them appear to teach the same lesson in so many different ways. It was really quite delightful. It drew out my heart to love Jesus, and to love my friends, and it has made me very happy."

"And what has become of Mrs. Murray," inquired Ellen.

"She went into a decline and died of consumption," replied Mary tenderly. "We would often go to see her, and she looked like an angel as she lay there, just before

she died, talking of the love of Jesus. She made us all promise to meet her in heaven. There were five of us then, and two are already with her I hope. Two have left the city, and the other is Emma Conlin, that stays at home to take care of her sick mother. She is a lovely girl. I hope we shall all meet Mrs. Murray in heaven. I often think how delightful it will be to get about her, and hear her talk of the Saviour's love there; for I am sure she will love him all the more after she has seen him."

The associations at the factory were a great trial to Ellen. The girls had noticed her seriousness and her continued attendance on the Sunday school, and they often tried to tease her about it.

Sometimes they would stop their conversation, and draw down their faces in mock gravity when she came near, saying it would not do for such sinners as they were to talk before a saint, and when they came out of the factory at night they would run away and leave her to walk alone.

One day she was feeling rather sad from the failure of some darling scheme to pro-

mote the happiness of the home circle, when Kate Sanford came up to her with a much more friendly air than usual. After some chit-chat she said: "Ellen, what do you do with your wages?"

"Give them to my mother, of course, after keeping fifty cents a week for clothing."

"Just as I thought!" replied Kate. "And I suppose you are made to help about house, and wash the children at night, and put them to bed, and all that sort of thing."

"Yes, those are some of my duties," replied Ellen quietly.

"Well, that is just the way I have been doing; but I don't mean to do it any longer. I am going to board. My wages are enough now to support me like a lady, and then I can have my time to myself to do as I please. Now you earn pretty fair wages, and if I was in your place, I'd do so too. I can get you a good place where I am going. There's a chance for one or two there yet."

Kate happened to know that Ellen's home was not a very inviting place, and she

thought this plan would be quite a temptation to her. And she was half right. A bright vision came up before her eyes of release from all those petty vexations to which she was exposed, and the apparently useless endeavors she had been making; but it was only for a moment. She considered the character of Kate, and saw her danger, and she replied firmly:

“No, Kate, my mother has been at great expense and trouble for me when a child, and now that I am old enough to do something for her and help her, I do not think it would be right for me to leave her. Miss Elliot says we ought to help our parents so long as we can, if they need our help, for we can never pay the debt we owe them.”

“Indeed!” said Kate, with a scornful lip, “you’ll get to be a great lady by and by, if you stay in Sunday school with the rest of the little girls on Sunday, and be tied to your mamma’s apron string on a week day.”

“I can’t help it,” replied Ellen; “if it’s right I shall do it, and never mind about being a great lady. I’d rather be a good girl—”

"None of your preaching now," interrupted Kate, as she turned to go away; "keep that for those that like it better than I do."

In truth Kate was a little uneasy in conscience about the propriety of her own course, and she very naturally sought ease by trying to get some one else to do the same.

But Ellen yielded to the gentle and holy influences that had been thrown about her in the Sunday school, while Kate, who fancied herself too old to go there any longer, was left to choose her own gratification.

At last Ellen was rewarded at home, by seeing a slow but evident improvement. An earnest benevolence took the place in her own heart of that selfishness which mingled with her first feelings of a desire to improve the state of affairs at home, and her disinterested love became a well-spring of happiness in her own heart. Still it was a long time before she learned the best manner of improving her home.

"Mother, I do wish we could keep the wash-tub put away a part of the week." She said this very earnestly, but very

thoughtlessly, as she came in from the factory one evening and found the wash-tub in the way as usual.

Mrs. Morris had a very untidy habit of washing out a few pieces every day or two, just as the fancy took her. It was a great annoyance to Ellen, but it was of no use to speak about it in that way. Her mother at once replied, "Why what's the matter with the wash-tub?"

"O nothing, only it don't look tidy to have it around all the time. They don't have it so at Mr.—"

"I don't care where they don't have it so," replied Mrs. Morris quite sharply; "I should think if any one ought to complain it is the one that does the washing."

Ellen did not reply. She saw her mistake, and to atone for it she must now let the subject entirely alone till this incident might be forgotten. Finally the thing was compromised by Ellen's getting up very early on Monday morning and starting the washing herself, and when the mother saw how much better it went, there was no more trouble about the wash-tub.

For a long time Ellen tried in vain to coax her brothers to read the Bible, but she might as well have tried to blow back the winds with her feeble breath. She mentioned her lack of success one day to Miss Elliot, who immediately suggested that she should tell them Bible stories without letting them know at first that they were such. The plan succeeded so well that she was obliged to be pretty diligent in her own researches to keep up with the demands made upon her for this species of amusement. Finally she told them where the stories were to be found, and then they would listen to her as she read them, and afterward they began to read for themselves. With great delight she saw them go on from this to love their Sunday school, and be more attentive; their rough ways softened down till at last they met her with caresses, and that gentle treatment that her heart so longed for.

The father would often listen to them as they read, and he grew daily more thoughtful; but he was a man of few words.

The change effected in the boys opened

the eyes of Mrs Morris more than anything else, and she now began to prize her daughter's advice, and listen to her wishes. After a struggle of two long years, Ellen at last had the infinite satisfaction of walking to the house of God in company with father, mother, and brothers, and of reading in their fond looks the words, "Bless God for such a daughter, such a sister."

Not long after this her mother became severely afflicted with rheumatism, so that the whole care of the household devolved upon Ellen. Till then she had never given up her seat in Miss Elliot's class. Even after that she would sometimes contrive to get through her household duties in time to go and sit for a little while in the place where she learned so much of good after the age when girls usually think they are quite too old to go to Sunday school.





THE ORANGE GIRL.

Esther, the Orange Girl.

“WHAT shall I do?” said the poor orange girl to herself. “I would like to keep the Sabbath holy for the sake of my dear, dear mother, and for God’s sake too,” she added reverently, “if he has not forgotten us. If it was only for myself, I would not mind it, but I can’t bear to have dear Jamie go another day without anything to eat.”

It was Sabbath morning. Esther stood at the door of the little low attic room with one hand on the latch, and with her basket of oranges in the other. Her old bonnet was tied on, and her ragged clothing was wrapped about her with an evident desire to keep up the appearance of decency. Her feet and ankles were bare, but happily it was

summer, and she would not suffer from the cold.

She cast a longing look toward the corner, where a childish form, half covered with rags, lay on a bunch of straw. A face pale and thin, and looking prematurely old, was turned toward her ; but the eyes were closed in sleep, the long dark lashes rested on the cheek, and thin locks of black hair fell over the brow and face.

That was her invalid brother. She turned back, fell on her knees beside the rude couch, and bent tenderly over the child. Spirit eyes alone saw the struggle that wrung that poor girl's heart. Finally she arose, with a look of anguish, and left the room quickly and quietly, saying to herself, " He must have bread !"

She hurried rapidly through the streets, till she came to a corner near an open square, where she sat down with her basket on her lap, for she had no stand, no stall on which to display her fruit for sale, nothing but a basket ; and here we will leave her to offer her fruit to the lounging Sabbath-breaker, or to tempt the lone Sunday

scholar to spend his two cents missionary money for an orange.

We will not go back to James, he is sleeping quietly and weariedly, for he had been quite sick through the night.

We will climb back up the years to the time when Esther was a happy little child of five, and her brother was a baby, laughing and crowing in his mother's arms. They lived in a nice little cottage just out of the city. Roses and honeysuckles shaded the porch, and violets bordered the path to the gate, where the weeping willow hung its long slender arms. The windows of the little parlor looked out on all this; and bright eyes looked out here too, for every afternoon at four o'clock the husband and father came home from his business, and if it were suitable weather for her to be out, the bright-eyed Esther would never let him get half way from the gate to the door before she met him. And then there was a kiss and a caress which were all the sweeter for being sometimes playfully withheld till she had said her verse for the day. After tea, when the sun was quite behind

the house, and her father was rested, they had a game of romps on the greensward.

One afternoon they waited longer than usual for him. Twenty times Esther ran down to the gate to see if he was coming, and then back to her mother to see if she could say her verses. She had two verses this time. She was learning the commandments, and to-day she had one of them, and a verse in the New Testament besides.

“And won’t papa be pleased to hear me say two verses: ‘Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;’ and ‘What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?’ Is that right, mamma?” and away she skipped down to the gate again, to see if papa was coming.

“Mamma, what is that? What shall it profit?” she said, looking up with her half finished childish question.

“Why, my child, it means if a man should get a great deal of money, all the money and all the good things in the world, by doing wrong, and then go to hell, he could not take them with him, they would not profit him, they would do him no good.”

"Get money by doing wrong?" inquired the child; "I thought folks got money by being good. That's the way I get my money."

The mother smiled, and replied: "Yes. your father sometimes gives you money when he finds you have been a good girl; but what is your other verse?"

Esther repeated it correctly.

"Now, my child, that means that we should not buy or sell, that we should not work or play, on the Sabbath, does it not?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Well, some men are so much in earnest to get money that they will buy and sell and work on the Sabbath. Do you think such a man would go to heaven?"

"No, mamma."

"If they should get ever so much, would it do them any good, would it profit them, if they should lose their souls, and go to hell?"

"O no! I see now. Thank you, mamma," and she repeated the text over slowly to herself.

Just at that moment she heard a voice at

the gate. "O, there's papa!" she cried, and away she ran. But she stopped half way. Strangers were there, and they were carrying the mangled corpse of her father on a litter. She ran back in a fright, her mother fainted, and Jamie screamed.

Then followed whole days of confusion that the child could not understand. Everything seemed strange and wild. They told her that her father was dead, that he had been killed on the railroad; but it all seemed a dream, and her mother only sat still and moaned, scarcely saying anything to anybody.

But so it was. Mr. Goodell had been too late to get upon the cars till just after they had started, he missed his footing, fell, and was killed.

What little property they had was soon gone; the cottage was sold and cheap rooms were rented in the city. The mother at first taught a few pupils for the support of her family, till through her ill health she lost these; then she took in sewing, then washing; it was only the old story, down down, down, until at last, after eight years

of widowhood, she died, worn out with toil, and want, and sorrow.

Jamie had always been a feeble child, and for two years since the death of their mother it had fallen upon Esther to provide for him, as well as for herself. Sometimes she resorted to one thing, sometimes to another. Once she got a situation to take care of a child, with just wages enough to pay the rent of the room and feed Jamie. Many a time she went without her dinner that she might have it to carry home to her brother. Noble girl! it seemed the great object of her being to keep that invalid brother alive. And why should it not? She was far happier in caring for him, than she would have been without him, for she had no one else to live for. Sometimes she had begged cold victuals for him, and even turned coal-picker, to get fuel to keep him warm on a cold winter's day.

But hitherto their living had been gained honestly. She had never stolen, nor told lies, nor broken the Sabbath. But the week before our story commences she had been greatly tempted. It took all the week's

savings to pay the rent, for that must be paid in advance every Saturday night, or they would be turned out.

And this would be the death of Jamie. The room must be kept for his sake. And so all that long weary Sunday she had nothing for the poor child to eat. For herself she cared very little. She had become inured to privation. She would have gone hungry two days, rather than break the commandment, but it went to her heart to see poor little Jamie lie all day hungry and never offer one complaint, except in his dreams.

Could she endure it another day? and the impulsive heart made answer, as we have seen, when she picked up her basket, and hurried along the streets to take her station on the corner, where she mostly sat through the week.

"Surely," she said to herself, "the Lord don't want Jamie to die, and he will die if I starve his poor weak body every Sunday. I wonder if the Lord has forgotten us; for I prayed all day last Sunday that he would not let such a dreadful day come upon us

again, but here it is. I should not wonder if he should forget me, I am such a poor wicked child. Mother was so good that he did not forget her. And Jamie is good too. Perhaps the Lord is going to take him up to heaven and leave me here all alone. I know he is good enough to go and be with mother, but what should I do without him?" And the bitter tears rolled down her cheeks at the mere thought of losing that poor sick little brother that could not even take care of himself. Some sisters would have been glad to be relieved of the trouble and labor of providing for him. But Esther was not. She carried a more gentle and kindly heart under that ragged clothing, than many that beat under velvet and satin.

She soon brushed away her tears, for the people began to fill the streets on their way to church, but no one stopped to pay any attention to her. Finally some children just out of Sunday school stopped and looked at her oranges. She did not venture a wish in her heart that they would buy an orange. She was thinking how very happy she would be if Jamie could only come out

this nice morning and go to church and Sunday school, just as he used to while their mother was alive. But he had not been at church nor at school in a long, long time, for he had no clothes suitable.

While these children were looking at the oranges, another came up who appeared to be their brother. He seized one of them rudely by the hand saying, "Come along! Don't stop here watching a wicked Sabbath-breaker. You will be as bad as she is."

He looked hard at Esther as he spoke, and the poor girl's cheeks burned with shame. A pleasant looking lady, just behind, saw and heard all this, and she stepped up to Esther and whispered kindly in her ear:

"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" and then she passed on.

O how those gentle words brought back the past, and the image of her dear mother, to Esther's mind.

"I would not do it for money, but for the life of my dear brother," she said to herself.

“Mother used to say, ‘When thy father and thy mother forsake thee then the Lord will take thee up,’ but he wont take care of me if I do wrong, will he? He can take care of Jamie without my doing wrong. It is not best to offend the only friend that we have. No, it would not profit us to sin against God, even to save us in the happiest life in this world, much less to save such miserable lives as we have.”

She rose and slowly retraced her steps toward home. The bells soon stopped ringing, the people had mostly got to their several churches and the streets were becoming more quiet. In a retired street Esther passed a church where service was already commenced. She could see the minister, but she could not hear what he said. She lingered a moment. It was so calm and peaceful that she wanted to enter. But she knew that she was ragged and dirty, and then too she had her basket of oranges with her.

She turned to leave, when a well-dressed middle-aged gentleman brushed past her. He knew that he was late, and he was hurrying in to get to his place without more de

lay, but he cast a stern glance at Esther as he passed, that seemed to say, "Selling oranges here on Sunday!"

Esther thought she heard something clink on the pavement. She turned and there lay a bright crimson purse with gold and silver shinning through its meshes. Her heart throbbed wildly as she picked it up. She cared little for the money, but she saw in it bread, life for her famishing brother. She pressed it to her bosom. How gladly would she have sped homeward now, but a thought stayed her. It did not belong to her; to use it would be stealing. But how could she return it to the gentleman?

She could not enter the church, and if she could, she would not know where to find him. There was only one way; she must stay till he came out, though her brother would be left alone as well as hungry.

Perhaps the gentleman would give her at least a penny for restoring the purse to him, and that would get a mouthful for dear Jamie. She was tempted sadly again and again, as she stood there, to take it away with her. Nobody would ever know it.

Soon a policeman came along.

“What are you doing?” he said harshly. “Do you think you’ll find any market for your oranges here? Probably the minister will buy some of you, after telling the people not to break the Sabbath,” said he with a sneer. “Come, be moving off,” and he put his hand on the shoulder of the unwilling girl. She obeyed his command. She knew better than to tell him the reason of her staying there. Very likely he would have taken the purse from her and kept it himself to restore it to the owner, without giving her any credit; or he might have suspected her of theft and shut her up in the station house. And Esther thought of this. Poverty, and self-dependence teach many strange lessons of wisdom.

She passed on to the next street, turned the corner, and stayed there till the policeman was out of sight, and then she returned to the vicinity of the church.

By and by the people began to pour out. Some looked upon her with scorn, and some with pity, and all with surprise. They sup-

posed she was trying to sell her oranges. She heeded them not, she watched closely for the gentleman. At last she saw him, but he did not look up. She followed him, and touched his arm.

He seemed almost angry as his eye fell upon the basket of fruit, and he commenced saying, "Wicked girl—" but when she showed him the purse he stopped short. He took it from her hand, turned around and went a few steps counting to see if all was right, and then he put it all in his pocket. He returned to her, inquired her name, and the street and number where she lived, and putting it down in his blank book he went away without given her a penny or a thank you, or taking any further notice of her at all.

She now ran quickly homeward. She was almost happy ; she was so glad to have been the means of restoring the purse to the gentleman. Perhaps the loss of it might have made him a great deal of trouble, and so the unselfish girl almost forgot her own sorrows. But stopping at her own door recalled them. She stood there some min-

utes dreading to go in. At last she opened the door softly. Jamie was awake. He turned his eyes wishfully toward her, and, though he said nothing, she knew what was in his heart. She threw her herself beside him and burst into tears.

“Don’t cry, Ettie dear,” said the child, passing his thin hand caressingly over her face. “Jamie don’t mind it at all. God will take care of Jamie. There was a pause, and as the sister’s sobs became less violent Jamie spoke again.

“I had a dream, sister, while you were gone. I thought I was in a fine house where there was a large company, and they were going to have a great dinner. O there were such nice things on the table, and such quantities of them, but they were not for me at all. So the company all sat down and went to eating, and I stood looking on so hungry and nobody noticed me. By and by mother came to me. O she was very beautiful and smiled sweetly on me! She took me by the hand and led me to a place at the table, and put me beside her, just as she used to before she died. She

helped me to a great plate full of good things, and just as I went to eat I woke up. Ettie, dear," said the child musingly "I'd like to go to that place. I'm sure that's where mother is, and I'd like to be with her, if the good Lord would let me go, and then I wouldn't be so much trouble to you."

Esther gazed on his pale countenance, and looked into his large lustrous eyes, and her face grew fearful. Was Jamie going to die? She rose and took an orange from the basket. They never made a practice of eating the oranges, because they would have no money to get any more with, and besides, the money that they could get for one orange would buy more food in some other shape.

So to-day she had not thought of them till now, and now he should have it if it were the last in the basket.

She argued long with him to get him to consent, and at last he yielded. She enjoyed seeing him eat it far more than she would to have eaten it herself. Then he took another and another without much urging, for the hunger fiend was awake in

him; but Esther dared not give him any more, for fear that they would hurt him

Then they lay down side by side and talked a long time of the past and of their dear mother; but of the present and the future they said little, only Jamie would talk of how happy they would be when they should both get to heaven and meet their dear mother there. At last Jamie fell asleep.

Then in another corner might have been seen the bowed form of Esther praying and weeping for an hour, and then she too slept beside her brother.

She was out early the next morning, for she could not be content to wait, though she knew that she could not sell her fruit till much later. She had but six oranges left, and when the sun began to grow warm, they all went one after the other. It was ten o'clock. She had done better than usual. She would just buy a roll for Jamie's breakfast, and then hurry back to her corner again with more oranges, and if prospered she would get something nice for his supper.

"There she is now!" cried Jamie joyously as she pushed open the door. "O Ettie, the gentleman has come! the gentleman whose purse you found," and the tears ran down the little thin but excited face. Esther had told him the circumstance the day before, but she did not know what to make of his eager exclamations now. There was a lady in the room with a little lad about ten years old, both of whom looked at her with interest, but she did not know that she had ever seen either of them before.

"Where is the gentleman?" inquired Esther.

"He has gone out to get something for us to eat," replied Jamie, but the poor child could not wait in spite of his joy. He had already seized the roll which Esther held out to him, and was devouring it hungrily.

The lady was affected; the tears stood in her eyes. "And is this your sister?" she inquired.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Jamie thickly through his well stuffed mouth.

"And what is your name?" inquired the lady turning to the sister.

"Esther Goodell, ma'am."

"And do you support your brother and yourself too?"

"I give him all he has, but indeed that is very little."

"And why don't he work too?" inquired the boy, who evidently knew little about work or sickness either.

"Indeed," replied Esther quickly, "it is not because he is not willing; he can't. He's been sick all the time for five years."

"And have you lain here all that time?" asked the boy, whose name was Charlie.

"O no," replied Jamie, "only since mother died. I lie abed almost all the time because I am alone so much when sister Ettie is gone."

"And have you no top, nor marbles, nor ball to amuse yourself with?"

Jamie smiled faintly. He had not felt the need of such things, though it would have been well if he had been able to amuse himself with some active play; but his mouth was full and Charlie went on: "Have you no picture books nor story books to amuse yourself with?"

Jamie's face grew bright and earnest at once. "Yes," said he eagerly; "I have the Bible, and that is full of the nicest stories. I can't read much at once, for my eyes hurt me; but when I go to sleep I dream such pretty things about Jesus Christ, and David, and Samuel, and all the good folks. It is better than pictures."

Just then there was a quick step on the stairs, and a gentleman entered with a package in his hand. Esther at once recognized him as the one whose purse she had restored.

"O that's the girl!" he exclaimed when he saw her. "Why, my good child, I didn't think of your being so destitute. Why didn't you tell me?"

Esther only answered with tears of joy. She forgot in the present kindness of his manner, that he was so cold and repulsive the previous day, so that she could not have told him if she had tried. But now it was all over, and joy reigned.

Esther and Jamie were set down side by side to devour the contents of the package, while the gentleman and his wife consulted what was best to be done.

Mr. Anson, for that was his name, had intended to do something handsome for Esther, but when he found her alone with an invalid brother, and practicing such noble self-sacrifice, he resolved to do all for them. They asked her a great many questions, and it was well they did, for with all her self-denial she came near being surfeited with the first full meal she had had for months. Finally they were persuaded to stop, with the promise of something better soon.

They were both put into the carriage, which stood waiting for the visitors at a little distance. The gentleman carried Jamie in his own arms, and he took them at once to his comfortable home. The lady was as kind as anybody but a mother could be. Jamie was cleaned up, and put into a nice bed. Esther was neatly dressed, and kindly cared for, but she chose to spend the most of her time in nursing Jamie. He was just as dear to her now, as when he was the only friend she had on earth. Charlie, too, spent many a happy hour in Jamie's room, talking with him and reading to him from the Bible.

Jamie's disease could not be cured. He lingered along a few months, and then was laid quietly to rest. He went to be with his mother.

Esther was, in time, adopted into the family of her kind benefactors. She received a good education, and went into good society, but she never forgot the days of her early trials, nor the hour when she so fully gave up her only resource against starvation rather than do what was wrong in the sight of God. In that hour, and as the result of that action, she met her new foster-father.

She esteemed highest, and sought first, the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things were added unto her.

AUNT JULIA.

